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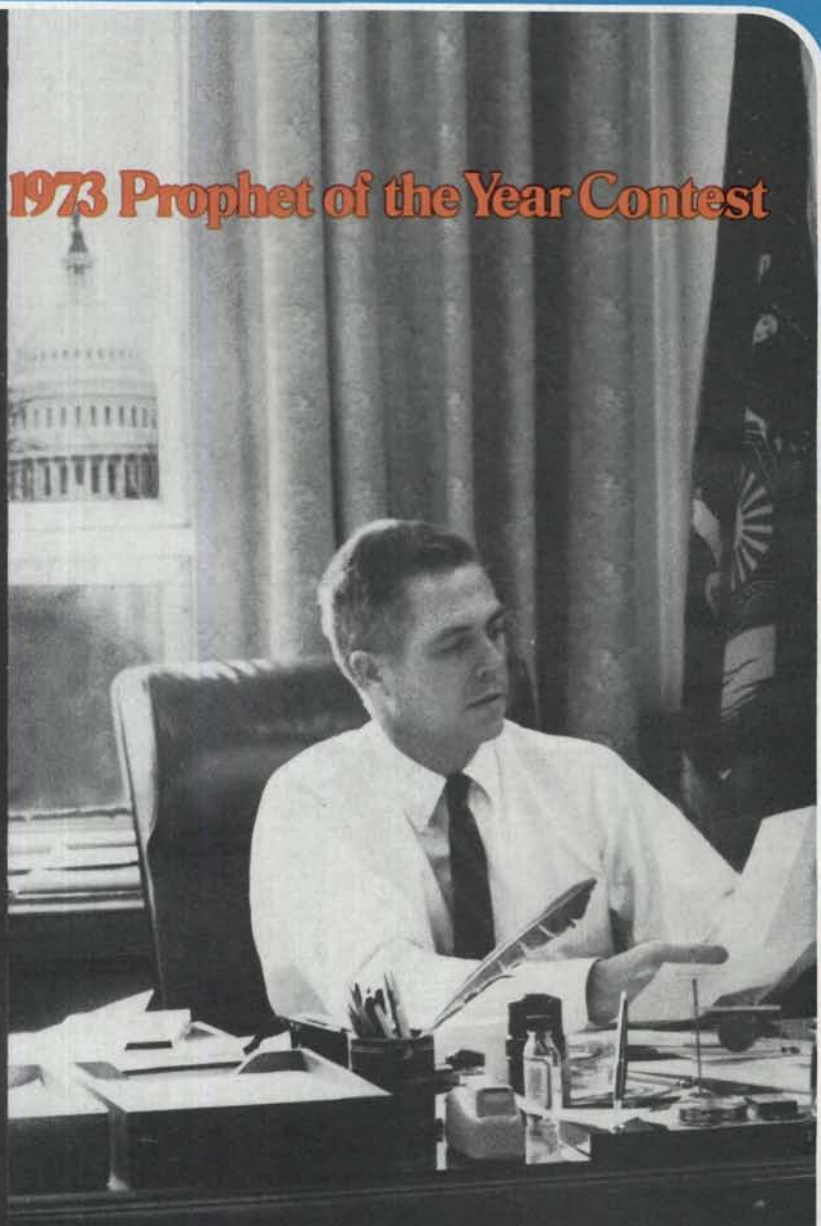

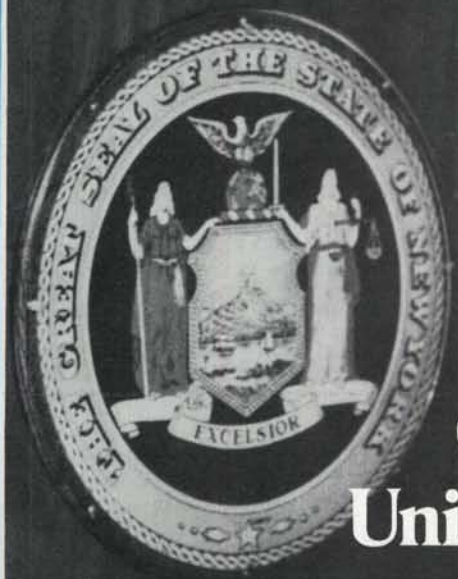

On Becoming a United States Senator
by
JAMES L. BUCKLEY

Also In This Issue: A NEW COLUMN: CAPITOL ISSUES ◆ THE ECLIPSE OF WBAI BY KEITH MANO ◆ ARTICLES AND REVIEWS BY BRUDNOY, MILLER, DAVENPORT, CHAMBER

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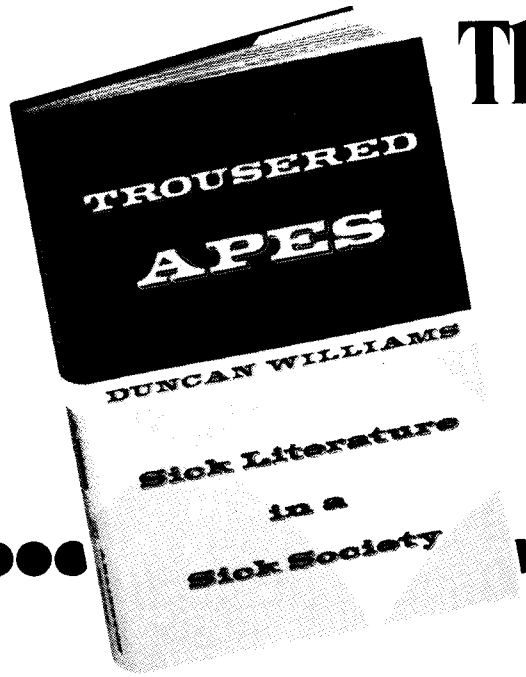

Three eminent British newspapers called this underground book one of the best of the year

TROUSERED APES

Sick Literature in a Sick Society

Duncan Williams *Foreword by* MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

"Anything goes," proclaimed a memorable Cole Porter song of the Thirties—but sardonically. It remained for the Savage Sixties and the Sick Seventies to emancipate us—to the level of trousered apes.

British professor Duncan Williams takes the view, lately unfashionable, that art can corrupt: "the arts in general are not merely a mirror reflecting social and cultural values, but are, on the contrary, powerful forces which shape and mould the way in which people live and behave."

Thus the lurid themes that dominate literature and drama today—sadism, sodomy, the drug culture, barnyard sex—and the raw rendering of them, work their poison into the social body. The result is animalism. Trousered apes. "We are teaching savagery," notes Professor Williams, "and are naively appalled at the success of our instruction."

With urbanity and easy learning, Professor Williams links today's trousered apes to their forebear, Rousseau's Noble Savage. Two centuries of revolt against religion, reason and order led us to Woodstock.

In his provocative Foreword, Malcolm Muggeridge traces the odyssey of this book in its British edition, from underground sleeper to nomination among 1971's Books of the Year by three eminent London papers: the *Sunday Times*, the *Observer* and the *Sunday Telegraph*. The book's message is at least as urgent for America.

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"Witty, erudite, passionately felt . . . . a brilliant attack, and perhaps the beginning of a major argument of the '70s."—C. P. Snow, *Financial Times*

"Professor Williams, after closely studying contemporary developments in art and literature . . . observes, and brilliantly describes, the increasing predominance of an anti-civilizing trend, closely linked to a cult of ugliness, a morbid concentration on the baser elements of life, a clinical obsession with the bizarre, with the grossly sensual and degrading aspects of human nature . . . Masterly analysis."—Peregrine Worsthorne, *Sunday Telegraph*

"Provocative and important new book."—Peter Grosvenor, *Daily Express*

"A powerful indictment of the 'arrogant primitivism' which in fiction, the drama and the popular arts glorifies violence and animalism . . . a powerful analysis of the violence allied to triviality that characterises so much of our contemporary society." —*Tablet*

"Acute in diagnosing and describing the malady." —Michael Wharton, *Daily Telegraph*

"Here in England, the book began by being more or less bootlegged. Few reviewers noticed it (an honorable exception being C. P. Snow, who dealt with it at length), bookshops didn't stock it, the trade and the literary establishment left it severely alone. The reason is obvious. *Trousered Apes* (the title is taken from C. S. Lewis) is a cogently argued, highly intelligent and devastatingly effective anatomisation of what passes for culture today, showing that it is nihilistic in purpose, ethically and spiritually vacuous, and Gadarene in destination." —Malcolm Muggeridge

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Letters

More on Pot

I want to congratulate NATIONAL REVIEW for publishing the article on marijuana laws by Richard C. Cowan ["American Conservatives Should Revise Their Position on Marijuana," Dec. 8] and the commentaries by James Burnham, Jeffrey Hart, and Wm. F. Buckley Jr. I have found them useful, and I look forward to reading further comments on the article by your other contributors and your readers.

I agree with Mr. Cowan on the need for supporting more enlightened drug education, encouraging greater respect for our laws, and weeding out bureaucratic incompetence.

SENATOR CHARLES MCC. MATHIAS JR.
Washington, D.C.

I view the issue of arrest for use or possession of pot in the broader context of respect for law. The young man of whom Mr. Buckley spoke is being punished—sent to "Attica!," if you please—for his personal decision to violate the law. As a traditionalist, I find nothing new or wrong with that.

As a general proposition, I find nothing wrong with smoking—pot or cigarettes; there is nothing *malum in se* about it; but, when one willfully violates the law, it then becomes wrong in the sense that that word is understood by the ordinary citizen. At that point, punishment is in order. Scientific evidence, pro or con, notwithstanding, the use of pot—when its use is illegal—is morally wrong, and the mounted clamor for its legalized or decriminalized use is as unconvincing an argument as that made for the legalization of any act which our society cannot control.

Sacramento, Calif. PHILLIP D. WYMAN

In commenting on Richard Cowan's plea to decriminalize marijuana use, Messrs. Burnham and Hart seem to condone capricious repression in the name of order and the alcoholic tradition. Burnham, for example, wants to give police "a few little angles" whereby they can punish people—selectively. But such wide-open grants of authority surely violate the conservative principle of restraining state coercion through clear, predictable laws.

True, heroin users often begin with pot (and, before that, with milk), but this step isn't causal, and pot can easily be bypassed. In fact, as economist Simon Rottenberg has demonstrated, cracking down on marijuana tends to encourage substitution of more dangerous drugs.

Jeffrey Hart rightly observes that potential harm to oneself is no justification for putting someone in jail (or we'd all be in jail). Somewhat paradoxically, Hart then says that society "interferes far too little: as in the case of pornography, for example." Pornography may well offend non-users who, for example, have to walk past so-called "adult" movie theaters to get to work. That is, there are adverse "neighborhood effects" associated with pornography; but comparable social-cost arguments are far weaker for marijuana than for alcohol.

M. PATRICK ALLEN
Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y.

James Burnham, in his reply to Richard Cowan, mentioned the use of hashish in Egypt, Yemen, Iraq, and India. Dr. I. C. Chopra has done extensive research on the subject in India, and in an address before a national medical society in Boston, Edward R. Cass, of the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, said of Dr. Chopra's work: "Dr. Chopra told me that his country has had two thousand years of experience in all forms of marijuana and until 1959 the drug was legal and socially accepted throughout India. In 1959 the Indian government finally decided that the use of marijuana had caused such severe social and economic problems that it could no longer be tolerated, and laws were passed which prohibited sale, importation, and possession. Dr. Chopra found it hard to believe that our young nation with its limited experience could even consider removing restrictions on this dangerous drug."

The *Journal of the American Medical Association* (April 19, 1971) carried an article entitled "Effects of Marijuana on Adolescents and Young Adults." Its findings on 38 individuals over a five-year span would not contradict Dr. Chopra's findings in India. The two medical men, Drs. Kolansky and Moore, found the usage of marijuana affected the total behavior of its victims. For example, they reported: "Most of the 38 patients in this

(Continues on page 127)

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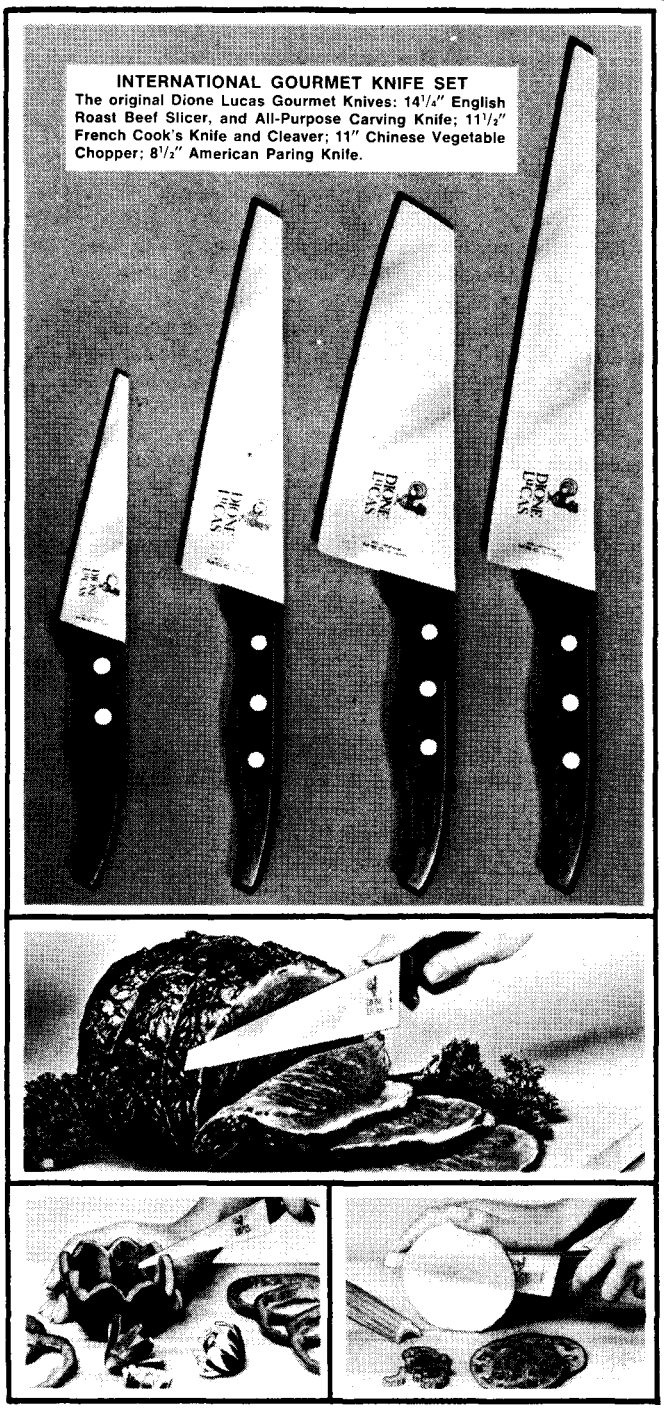

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IN THIS ISSUE . . .

. . . With this issue, Mrs. **Elsie Meyer**, who has had custody of the Book Section since the death of her husband in April, steps down. After a brief vacation, she will take charge of special projects and features for *NR*. She is succeeded by **George F. Will**, who is at once Washington Editor of NATIONAL REVIEW and Book Editor. Reached over the telephone about his C.V., it went like this: "Q. George, we need some biographical details so we can announce the shiftover from Elsie. G. I haven't done a goddam thing . . . and you interrupted me diapering the baby. Q. What about college? G. Kennedy College in Hartford, Oxford, PhD from Princeton in political science . . . Michigan State . . . U. of Toronto. Q. What were you doing at Michigan and Toronto? G. Teaching. Q. Did you go to Senator Allott's office directly from Toronto? G. Yup. You can say that Gordon Allott is what I made him today, and I don't know a damn thing about diapering."

Now that the editors have read Senator **James Buckley**'s account of his first two years as a New Boy in the world's most exclusive etc., etc., they know why it took so long to get him to write it: The job he has really does require a forty-hour day. He sheds a good deal of light, by the way, on the Senate's method of dealing with the bills that come before it—often legislation of momentous character. 'Twill stand your hair on end. . . . Zhores Medvedev has proved too resilient for even the Soviet repressive apparatus. A scientist and a virtuoso intellectual, he was a burr under Brezhnev's saddle, and so, phase one, into the nut-house with him. But no, that couldn't hold him, and now he can travel to England for a year—but whether back to Russia, says his friend, Berkeley scientist **Thomas Jukes**, who knows?

—JH

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Avg. Win Price: $8.90 31% Winners
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Avg. Win Price: $8.68 32% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $6,237.00

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Avg. Win Price: $9.84 35% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $4,140.00

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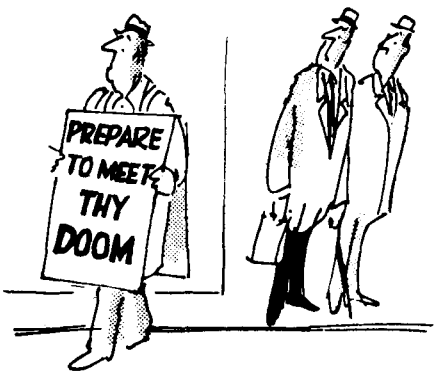
FOR THE RECORD

■ As the smoke blows away around the White House: **Haldeman** and **Ehrlichman** as powerful as ever. A number of their former White House aides have been shifted to positions of importance (assistant secretaries, etc.) in key government departments and agencies. . . . **John Mitchell** remains influential—although no longer on scene physically. . . . **Patrick Buchanan**, conservative, continues to assemble the all-important survey of news and opinion the President receives every morning. . . . **Howard Phillips**, a former YAF chapter president at Harvard (speaker at *NR*'s Fifth Anniversary Dinner) likely to get **Philip Sanchez**' post as director of Office of Economic Opportunity; if so, is expected to pare down its functions. . . . Former Cabinet member **Walter Hickel** stays in outfield in Alaska—his comeback try failed. . . . Despite White House pressure, Cong. **Bob Wilson** (R., Calif.) has refused to step down as Chairman of the House Republican Campaign Committee and has been re-elected to the post. White House grumbled that under Wilson's leadership the GOP gained only 13 House seats last year. . . . Soviet foreign-affairs magazine *New Times* has weighed in on **Nixon**'s appointments to Defense. It likes the appointment of **Elliot Richardson** as Secretary—he's "a man of moderate liberal trend," but is aghast at appointment of **William Clements** as Deputy Secretary, because Clements is "a frank conservative." . . . **George Schultz**, having consulted his computers, says Phase II economic controls cost the government $92 million. He feels Phase III will be cheaper.

■ Practically everyone who is anyone in Women's Lib will be there: At the March 9 to 11 International Tribunal on Abortion in New York City. Honorary Chairwoman, **Simone de Beauvoir**. Also backing it: Dr. **Benjamin Spock**, **Gloria Steinem** of *Ms.*, Congresswoman **Bella Abzug**, **Mary** (Mrs. John) **Lindsay**, **Barbara Walters** of *Today* show, author **Kate Millett**, activist **Ti-Grace Atkinson**, and—shades of the past and of another tribunal, **Bertrand Russell**'s War Crimes Tribunal—Russell's former guru, **Ralph Schoenman**. . . . *Washington Post* in an in-depth story on **New York's abortion law** concludes that it will be repealed again this year (last year the New York State Assembly repealed the law but repeal went down before a **Rockefeller** veto). . . . Among the prominent Catholics supporting the pro-abortionists is Fr. **Robert Drinan**, the Democratic congressman from Massachusetts. . . . On the contraception front, **Frederick Jaffe**, an official of Planned Parenthood, says his organization gave out contraceptives to over three million low-income women in 1972 under various federally subsidized programs. Jaffe fears some financial cutbacks.



Punch Ben Roth Agency

"He must be an environmentalist—religion's much more upbeat these days."

■ Honest change: The Socialist Party U.S.A., founded in 1901, has officially changed its name to **Social Democrats, U.S.A.** (a step the Western European socialist parties took long ago) on the grounds that the word "socialism" has been hopelessly compromised by the Communists and that most of its members are also Democratic Party members. . . . How did **Communists** old and young find their places in the Jan. 20 "March against Death" in Washington? Why they looked for the red balloons held by the Communist marshals. . . . No doubt about what the Trotskyist *Militant* thought about HST. Its obituary carried the headline: "**Harry S. Truman**—Strikebreaker, Witch-Hunter, Cold Warrior." . . . *Militant* columnist **Baxter Smith** very very sore at the Rev. **Jesse Jackson** for suggesting that American blacks invest in Liberia and try to get dual Liberian-U.S. citizenship. Says Smith: "[Liberian] President **William Tolbert** and his government are front men for U.S. imperialism in Liberia." . . . **George Wiley** of the National Welfare Rights Organization has resigned because, he says, welfare no longer has sex-appeal as an issue, and he hates to be a loser.

■ Singapore Prime Minister **Lee Kuan Yew** meeting with Thai Premier **Thanom Kittikachorn** in Bangkok a week ago agreed that U.S. support will continue to be necessary to protect peace in Southeast Asia (against you know who). . . . Red and blue material (the colors of the Vietcong) is no longer being imported into **South Vietnam** by order of the **Thieu** government. . . . **Chile** has established diplomatic relations with **Prince Sihanouk**'s Cambodian government in exile in Peking. . . . The Russians are furious at the Red Chinese because Chinese Foreign Minister **Chi Peng-fei** praised the enlarged **Common Market** *and* came out in support of an integrated West Europe able to stand up against "the superpowers."

■ Calling Women Libbers: **Alfonso Saores Ferreria** of Brazil won't have women jurors in his court because a) woman's place is in the home, b) women are "emotionally fragile," and besides c) the court toilet is dirty.

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study smoked marijuana two or more times weekly and, in general, smoked two or more marijuana cigarettes each time. These patients consistently showed very poor social judgment, poor attention span, poor concentration, confusion, anxiety, depression, apathy, passivity, indifference and, often, slowed and slurred speech. . . . Several in this group were suicidal. In some individuals, instead of apathy, hyperactivity, aggressiveness, and a type of agitation were common. In no instance were these symptoms in evidence prior to the use of marijuana."

It would seem to me that conservatives who wish to conserve the best values would be wise to consider marijuana as one drug outside of the "best values" for our society.

Tulsa, Okla. DAVID A. NOEBEL

I feel compelled to report to you the effect of your issue of December 8, 1972 upon this mid-Wisconsin college community.

The copy of *NR* that our library receives has become unobtainable, being checked out almost continuously. Further, many people I know, basically of liberal leanings, are surprised to find Buckley actually in support of repealing what they feel to be an oppressive governmental regulation. Naturally, they overlook the difference between legalizing and decriminalizing. Still, their surprise indicates that as hard as you have striven in the past, basic conservative philosophy is still misunderstood. For that reason, the sensationalism of the December 8 issue can be forgiven.

Stevens Point, Wis. STEVEN L. NEWTON

NATIONAL REVIEW's recent cover story on marijuana laws was superb, and, to this reader, particularly gratifying.

Messrs. Buckley and Burnham should bear in mind that removing the criminal penalties for the user without providing for a legal supply and distribution system is a transitional public policy at best. Such a policy failed during alcohol prohibition and seems hardly suitable for a permanent alternative approach to marijuana use. As Mr. Cowan pointed out, we must ultimately deal with the question of supply, though we must do so without the corporate commercialism astutely opposed by Messrs. Buckley and Burnham.

An immediate moratorium on the arrests of smokers is a humane first step. Beyond this, we should begin organizing research and development of entirely new marijuana-control systems—ones specifically designed to attack both drug abuse and its underlying causes. For both drug abuse and what Mr. Hart referred to as the "counterculture" are manifestations of the broader problem of youthful alienation from American society, values, and

(Continues on page 163)

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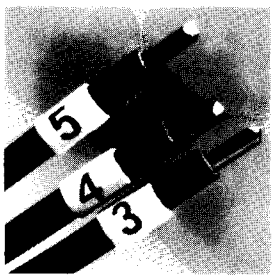

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THE WEEK

■ If you've been meaning to bone up on "Membrane Processing of Cottage Cheese Whey for Pollution Abatement," you'll be glad to know there's a new government booklet on that subject (92AA, 1971, 123 pp. il. EP 1.16:12060 DSB 09/71 S/N 5501-0256), for $1.25. Don't write us; write the Supt. of Documents.

■ The equal rights (for women) amendment may not make it after all: The drive for it has lost much of its momentum, and now faces a tough goal-line stand in the states that have not ratified it. Remarkable, really, in view of how little has been heard of the arguments against it, traditionalist (women *are* different, and have always and everywhere possessed a status different from that of men), libertarian (freedom means the right to discriminate, e.g., have an exclusively men's club or bar), and practical (women in the trenches? equal access to the same sauna bath?). The amendment would not promote felicity, except perhaps among lawyers anticipating the rewards of litigation. Sixteen of the remaining 28 states must approve it before it becomes part of the Constitution.

■ Capt. Michael J. Heck of Chula Vista, California, a flight commander, has flown 175 B-52 missions and a hundred combat missions in a C-123 flare-drop and forward air-control plane. He has won the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal with ten oak-leaf clusters as well as two presidential unit citations. On December 26, he reached the decision that the bombing of Hanoi and Haiphong was causing damage outweighing any possible goal to be achieved. He refused further missions, and submitted his resignation to the Air Force. Because of his refusal of further missions, he faces a possible court-martial and a two-year jail sentence. "I can live with that easier than I can with taking part in the war," he said. His position is straightforward and honorable. He made his decision and he is willing to face the consequences.

■ After spending two months writing the names and sayings of various revolutionaries on the walls of his New Orleans home, Jimmy Essex decided to practice what he was scrawling. His short-lived revolutionary career ended on the roof of a Howard Johnson hotel in New Orleans. At his funeral his mother said: "I do think Jimmy was driven to this. Jimmy was trying to make white America sit up and be aware of what is happening to us." *Time* Magazine, after the above quote, commented: "Though prejudice is hardly an excuse for wholesale slaughter, Mrs. Essex made her point." And so did *Time*. When will America begin to listen to its left-wing maniacs?

■ The Federal Government raises the demand for food with food stamps and an "expansionary" monetary policy, while limiting the supply through acreage restrictions and import quotas. At last the Administration is beginning to concede that such policies might have something to do with rising food prices. Wonder of wonders, Agriculture Secretary Butz is even talking about slashing farm subsidies. The slash-goal should be zero.

■ Our readers, when they see this brief comment, will know more than we do now as we write, but it is our guess that at or shortly before his second-term Inauguration the President will be able to report a written agreement permitting the United States to withdraw from South Vietnam. It won't be an agreement to make any of the parties to it very happy, it won't guarantee enduring freedom and sovereignty for South Vietnam or an end to conflict on its soil, and it probably won't bring an immediate ceasefire in Cambodia and Laos. But it will be about as good as we could expect to get, granted all the realities; far, far better than the abject capitulation proposed by our doves; and at least somewhat better than it would have been three months ago, before the crash buildup of South Vietnamese weapons, the weakening of North Vietnam's aggressive potential by the bombing, and the strengthening of the text. It should give the South Vietnamese a chance, a fighting chance, to survive. They will have to take it from here.

■ As long as we're virtually cohabiting with Russia and Red China, argues Senator Kennedy, we might as well snuggle up to Cuba too. He might have added that while we're subsidizing the Soviet Union, with credit and bargain-priced wheat, they're doing the same for Cuba. Kennedy sees no point in "trying to hold back the sea." "If the winds of revolution are blowing in Latin America," says Kennedy, "they are caused by national conditions and circumstances"—*not* by "the bands of agitators trained in Cuba." The Senator seems to believe that Communist revolutions are spontaneous, unled affairs, created by "hunger, poverty, disease, and injustice." That would come as a surprise to Lenin, Mao and Castro, and Masaryk.

■ The state of California has an enviable but embarrassing budgetary surplus of $850 million, which Governor Reagan would like to return "to the people who had it in the first place." That proposal is too drastic for some of the Governor's critics, who conclude he is a dangerous radical, which is exactly correct.

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■ Reports Enid Nemy in the *N.Y. Times* (Jan. 15): "The idea of divorce insurance, to be taken out immediately before or after marriage, is gaining increasing support among feminists, lawyers, and legislators." But how about among insurance companies? Anybody who would take out such a policy "immediately before or after marriage" is obviously a high risk; which is no doubt why many supporters of the idea would like to see it mandatory and government-sponsored.

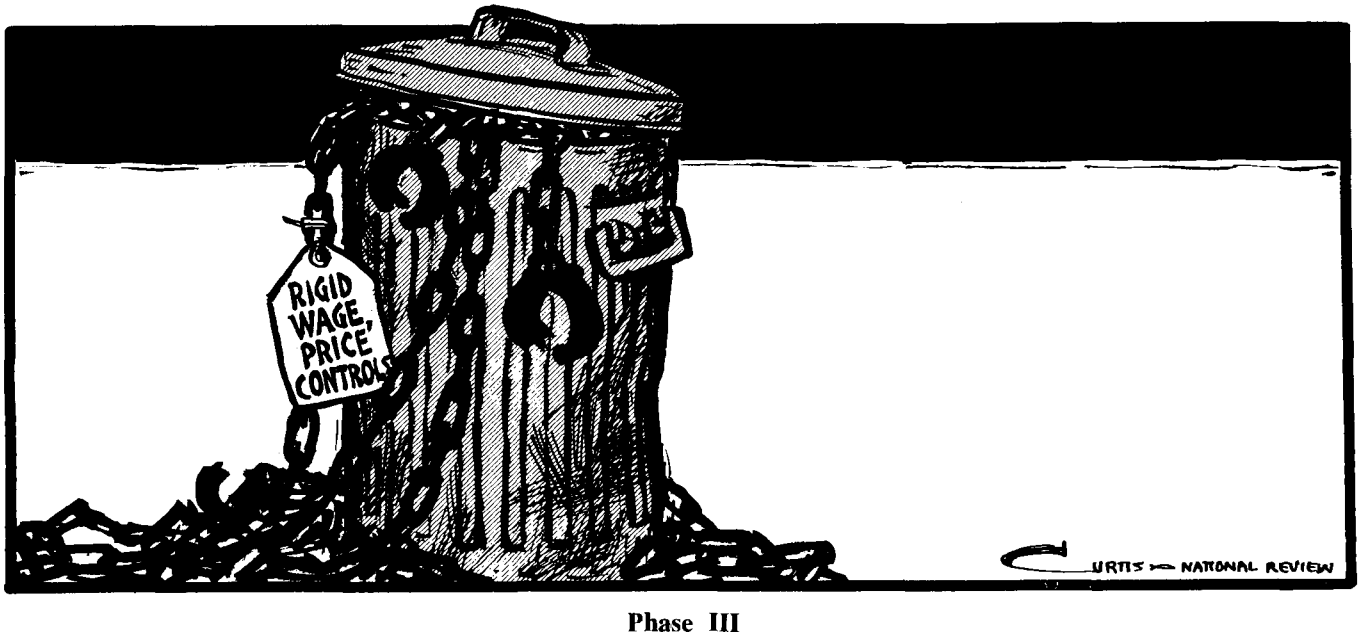
■ Senator Lowell Weicker (R., Conn.) has attacked the Administration for its proposal to cut back and slow down still further the already sharply pruned space program. In a speech delivered in the Senate, Weicker described the Administration as "fostering an atmosphere of retrenchment, of pulling in horns, of playing it small and safe," and criticized the Nixon leadership for "playing to our most immediate desires rather than our highest future potential. . . . I speak of the space program today," he went on, "because that has been my responsibility in the Congress and because the most recent financial cuts affecting the future of this country have been made in that area. But," he concluded, "the implications of the cutback and standstill philosophy go far beyond the space program."

■ Angered by Zambian support of guerrilla operations within its borders, Rhodesia finally closed them. Initially, Rhodesia exempted copper from the sanctions since copper is Zambia's chief export, and it reaches ports in Mozambique via Rhodesian railroads. No matter, said President Kenneth Kaunda (who is against selective border closings), we will ship our copper ourselves on our own trucks (such as they are) by road (such as they are) to port (no matter how expensive). "We have already suffered the consequences of our geographical proximity to the den of iniquity and mass exploitation," he continued. Then two of Rhodesia's and Zambia's neighbors got into the act, each in a characteristic way. South Africa said it would not ship mining equipment to Zambia until Rhodesia lifted its ban. And Colonel Ignatius Kutu Acheampong of Ghana made a helpful suggestion: "Let our brothers in Zimbabwe [Rhodesia] and Zambia take one white Rhodesian each and they will be liquidated in a number of days."

■ Brazil's Popular Revolutionary Vanguard has ceased being at all popular or populous. The group, which claimed responsibility for the 1970 kidnaping of a West German ambassador, was virtually wiped out a couple of weeks ago in a battle with government security forces at a small village being used as a training center. Six of the terrorists, including a young Czechoslovak woman accomplished in guerrilla skills, were killed in the clash.

■ The next time you catch yourself consoling yourself that things can't get much worse, consider Italy. Italy has 58,019 government bureaus, or approximately one bureau for every thousand Italians. Even the Italian government thinks that this is gee whiz nine thousand bureaus too many, but it is having trouble dieting back to its presumably youthful 49,019-bureau figure. A parliamentary commission working on the problem for the past sixteen years has succeeded in closing a grand total of 53 bureaus.

■ VOICES OF MODERATION: Harriet Van Horne: "Politically and socially, it may be said that Americans are the dumbest, most self-destructive people on earth. Start with the Vietnam war and then move on to domestic matters. We've the oldest, most enlightened Constitution in world history and we're sitting here, mute as lemmings, as, one by one, its guarantees are destroyed." . . . Pete Hamill, the day after the Super Bowl, dis-



Phase III

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Senator Lee Metcalf and Rep. John Melcher (both D., Mont.) have proposed legislation to require Senate confirmation of the head of the Office of Management and Budget (OMB), beginning with President Nixon's new choice, Roy L. Ash, whose problems continue to mount. Ash comes to the White House from Litton Industries, where as president he presided over huge surface-ship contracts with the Navy. A Navy procurement expert criticized the appointment of Ash to OMB and was promptly demoted. Now it has been revealed that last summer (while Ash was still at Litton) Vice Admiral Hyman G. Rickover wrote a memorandum accusing Litton of "misrepresentation, if not fraud" in trying to blame the Navy for cost overruns on three nuclear submarines. Litton says the Navy should cough up $37 million more. The Rickover memorandum says that no more than $7 million "can be justified." The *Washington Post* has weighed in with a long report attempting to link Ash to "irregular practices" that cost the Air Force millions of dollars in the Fifties. According to the *Post*, Ash, then a senior executive at the Hughes Aircraft Division of Hughes Tool Co., may have been directly involved in sending doctored financial statements to the Air Force concerning weapons-control systems. A number of Hughes CPAs resigned to protest the practices.

■ The Navy, plagued by cost overruns from its shipbuilding and aircraft contractors, has had some in-house overruns. In the last three fiscal years the Navy has spent $127.6 million more than authorized by Congress. The law stipulates fines and prison terms for "willfully" doing that, but the Department of Defense has assured Congress that nobody in the Navy knew what was happening.

■ Republican senators "reformed" their commitment to the seniority system. In the past the ranking Republican on a committee was the senior Republican. In the future, as a result of a rule proposed by Tennessee's Howard Baker and passed by the 43-member Republican Conference, the Republican members on each committee will elect their ranking member. A "grandfather clause" guarantees that the senior Republicans on committees prior to the 93rd Congress will not be subject to a vote. In point of fact, it is unlikely that any senior member ever will fail to be elected ranking member since such an action would be construed as a vote of "no confidence" and would be used against him in any re-election race. Common Cause hailed the rule change as a "major step."

■ When freshman Republican members of the House of Representatives gathered to elect their officers a conservative ticket organized and led by John Conlan of Arizona was ready. The whole ticket won: Conlan, class president; George O'Brien of Illinois, vice president; Mrs. Marjorie Holt of Maryland, treasurer; Donald Mitchell of New York, secretary; Trent Lott of Mississippi and Harold Froelich of Wisconsin are on the House Republican Policy Committee; David Treen of Louisiana is on the Committee on Committees; Ralph Regula of Ohio is on the Campaign Committee.

■ George D. Webster will not become the next commissioner of the Internal Revenue Service after all. Webster, a Washington tax lawyer, was a Nixon campaign official in 1968 and 1972, and his appointment was almost announced by the White House. But at the last moment the White House held back. Webster is an ardent critic of the tax-exempt status of labor unions, and the AFL-CIO is ardently against him. But a $5-million damage suit charging him with a breach of legal ethics may have been a more important factor in derailing his appointment. It was this suit that caused a conservative Republican senator on the Finance Committee (which holds confirmation hearings on IRS commissioners) to tell the White House that he would not support Webster.

■ Wholesale farm produce prices rose 5.7 per cent in December, the biggest one-month rise in 26 years. The government mentioned "an unusual weather pattern this fall" and said it might reconsider some of its restrictions on farm production. The rise in food costs is a) a tribute to Agriculture Secretary Butz, whose job it is to keep farmers happy, and b) an embarrassment to the Cost of Living Council and the other agencies fighting inflation. If all this upsets your ulcer, do not, repeat, do not drink a glass of warm milk. The dairy industry has made between $500 and $700 million as a result of the Administration's pre-election decision to raise the price-support level from 75 per cent to 85 per cent of parity. This is not a bad return on the $417,500 the industry invested in the Nixon re-election campaign.

■ Who says conservative pressure does not influence the Nixon Administration? Conservatives protested Defense Secretary Elliot Richardson's plan to give his doveish aide Jonathan Moore an important position in the Pentagon. Richardson still plans to do this. But when he came before the Senate Armed Services Committee for confirmation hearings, Richardson wore an American flag pin in his lapel. —CATO

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cussing the game's half-time show: "A nation that can stage this kind of circus less than a month after unleashing the heaviest murder-bombing in history, is a nation that has lost all sense of honor, pride, values, or decency. It deserves everything it gets . . ."

■ From Maxine Cheshire's column in the *Washington Post*: "Senator Edmund Muskie, a Redskins fan who never misses a game, headed for the Super Bowl in a mood of visible buoyancy. 'I oughta be excited about them,' he says. 'Except for the Redskins, I haven't won a goddam thing this year.'" Better luck next life, Ed.

■ For years the basketball teams from the black elementary schools in Mount Clemens, Michigan have been soundly thumping the white teams. Humiliating scores like 75 to 20 are common. The members of the Mount Clemens school board, seeking to balance the score, finally had a solution. From now on, they proposed, individual schools would no longer have teams; instead there would be district teams to which players would be assigned according to the school district in which they

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lived. The black teams could thus be broken up and integrated, and underprivileged whitey would have a chance to be on the winning side for a change. Quick as you can say Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, the black community began to protest, threatening to go to the Civil Rights Commission, the NAACP, or try "any other means we can use to block the plan." Just because the blacks win all the time, said one black clergyman, "is no cause to integrate them with white students." The school board has only one alternative: Let the teams remain intact but bus anybody who tries to keep score right out of the gym.

■ The protests poured in, by mail, telegraph, and telephone. "Inexcusable!" "Destroying a precious bit of Americana!" Officials in Atlantic City, New Jersey, taken aback by the storm of indignation, reconsidered and, to the relief of millions of Monopoly players, voted not to change the names of Mediterranean and Baltic Avenues.

■ We have been asked to explain Phase III. Phase III is just like Phase II, except that it is no longer mandatory to comply with federal wage-price controls, so long as you comply with them voluntarily, because if you fail to comply voluntarily the Federal Government can step in and make you comply, which adds up to something like mandatory controls after all but not quite, which is just like Phase II, which was just like Phase I, only more of it.

Meditations on Watergate

(The editor of NR, *an old friend of Howard Hunt and the late Mrs. Hunt, was recently named as trustee of their children. Accordingly, I have removed myself from editorial discussion involving the Watergate affair. —WFB)*

NR has never been very worked up over the acknowledged activities composing the Watergate incident. "Infiltrating" the other man's campaign organization is one of the traditional games political parties play. It may be dirty pool but we doubt it is criminal. Bugging his telephone—together with such ancillary acts as breaking and entering—is presumably illegal if not properly authorized, but granted the situation, our indignation is rather mild. Leaks of serious potential injury to the nation's security had opened up from the government's most secret sanctums to Jack Anderson, the *Washington Post*, the *New York Times*, and the office of the Democratic National Committee, whence last spring the *Post* received secret material, including a 1969 Kissinger memorandum. Moreover, the antiwar movement's plans announced for San Diego as well as many a riotous incident involving high-level officials were grounds for alarm about possible dangers to Republican meetings and spokesmen, and the occasion for attempts to foresee and contain such threats. It was not an indulgence but a duty for the Administration to try to trace and plug the leaks, for which task a certain amount of bugging and other undercover work was a normal requirement. Perhaps bugging was too extreme a method by which to pursue the second purpose, since this had a partisan as well as public aspect, but the judgment could be close. Thus even if, as done, the bugging part was illegal, it seems to us in this case—so far as the more or less acknowledged story goes—to have been a venial sin. Naturally, when you undertake this sort of enterprise, it's your business not to get caught, and the Watergate squad—especially people with their professional qualifications—no doubt ought to get a couple of years for bungling. If it wasn't much of a crime, it was a lousy operation.

That is more or less how we feel about, as we said, the acknowledged activities, the Watergate events that have been brought to the surface.

But it is difficult to believe, after the events of the past fortnight, that what has so far shown is more than a fraction, and probably the less important fraction, of the Watergate whole. Even the least sensitive nose whiffs the smell of coverup. The Watergate story is full of open-ended questions. Who gave the initial order? and why? Who paid the money, and who authorized the payment? The total sum of money involved is obscure. The smallest figure mentioned seems to be $240,000, but some reports put it as high as $900,000, which amount is said to be unaccounted for by the Committee To Re-elect the President. Money in this range is a relatively small proportion of the total spent on a presidential campaign, but it is a sizable wad for a cash-on-the-line undercover operation. Lowly people in an outfit don't have, and are not unrestrictedly given, that sort of money to play around with. Then there is the choice of operatives. They are not hoods or burglars out for hire, and not reckless adventurers. A number of them are men with solid, if in several cases unorthodox, careers and achievements. If they have any peculiar "group characteristic," it is their strong political motivation—pro-America, anti-Communist, and specifically anti-Castro. Where does this political angle fit in? Was it by individual, independent choice that five of the defendants changed their pleas to guilty and clammed up tight? Or were they being paid, or pressured, or ordered?

It is possible that we shall be learning more through the trial of James W. McCord Jr. and G. Gordon Liddy, the two remaining defendants, but the narrow legal scope on which the government is presenting this case makes it unlikely that the proceedings in Judge Sirica's courtroom will answer many of the more troubling questions. Perhaps more will emerge from the further grand-jury investigation that is pending. The best chances for enlightenment is the Senate inquiry which Sam Ervin of North Carolina has agreed to undertake, now that Senator Edward Kennedy—and this too is among the Watergate

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puzzles—bowed out of what had earlier been expected to be his assignment. And of course the easiest road to enlightenment would be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth from those, presumably Republicans, in or out of the Administration who know the truth.

It is possible the truth would turn out to be banal and unimportant. But this Watergate affair, under its suffocating cover, has acquired a sour, rotting quality that can only be cleaned up by the truth, or at least enough of the truth to provide an adequate and intellectually acceptable account of what happened and why. We believe it in the interest of the nation, and most particularly of the conservative community and the Nixon Administration, that such an accounting should be made, and that the Administration should purge itself of any person of whatever level whose relation to the Watergate affair was legally or morally culpable.

Rocky on Drugs

For the past several years, drug-related deaths in New York City have increased at a rate of two hundred per year, meaning that we can confidently expect about 1,600 to 1,700 to succumb in 1973. The social costs have been astronomical. The hunger for heroin fuels a rising crime rate, making the streets perilous: One in three New Yorkers either has been or will be the victim of a crime. Other results are palpable and widespread: broken homes and roving street gangs, rampant prostitution, entire sections of the city laid waste, and so on. Though other factors do play a role in this urban degeneration, all agree that drugs, and especially heroin, are critical.

The measures favored by conventional "enlightened" opinion have not worked. If we have to wait for the elimination of "poverty" and "injustice"—alleged causes of addiction—we will wait a long time. Education in the harmful effect of drugs, and publicity campaigns to the same end, appear to have zero effect. Methadone and other treatments have had a negligible impact. Ditto stepped-up investigative effort by the police to uncover the sources of drugs.

Therefore, in his January 3 State of the State message, Governor Nelson Rockefeller proposed a draconian solution: mandatory life sentences, with no parole, for all drug pushers. Everyone sympathized with the Governor's frustration; but no one believed in the efficacy of his proposal. It was quickly pointed out that New York would require ten times the court capacity it now has, and at least ten times the jail facilities, to handle the pushers who might be expected to be apprehended in the foreseeable future. And given the extent of the "heroin culture" in the city, new pushers would surely replace the ones jailed. And skeptics point out that all this is surely known to the Governor: Perhaps, besides giving expression to his frustration, the proposal was a political ploy. The message to the voters was that Rockefeller wants to be "tough" on drugs, a sympathetic identity for him to have, suggesting a bid for re-election as governor.

It may be that there is no practicable solution to the heroin problem. And, after all, the problem is not unprecedented. In eighteenth- and nineteenth-century England, gin took a fearful toll among rural populations displaced to the cities by the Enclosure Acts and by the Industrial Revolution. Edward C. Banfield has noted the very high death-rate attributable to alcohol among the urban and immigrant American poor during the mid-nineteenth century—most notably among the Irish. He speculates that such mortality may have had the effect of eliminating from the society those who, for one reason or another, could not meet its demands. In Banfield's view, a contested one to be sure, such an unadaptable "underclass" does not rise upward in society: It disappears through high mortality rates, perhaps to be replaced by other waves of immigrants to the city from abroad or from rural America. If Banfield is correct, we will just have to live with heroin for a generation or so; and then see the heroin curse disappear along with all those who use it.

The Blue Room

Pat took a new broom
And re-did the Blue Room;
Now everything from Jackie's day
  Is with the maintenance crew.
She planned the new room
Like Dolley's Old Blue Room.
(She carted Jackie's things away,
  If that's what really gets to you.)
Frills and bows and furbelows are
Way up in the attic;
They symbolized static
  When she passed through . . .
Come see the new room;
A *period* Blue Room.
But if you yearn for Jackie's day,
  Please call the foreman of the crew.

W. H. VON DREELE

Phasing Out

Wage and price controls have been removed from most of the economy, but the threat of bringing the stick out of the closet remains. That's a revealing analogy, come to think of it, since replacing the carrot with the stick practically defines the distinction between a free and a controlled economy. Another aspect of the definition is the use of predictable rules rather than unlimited bureaucratic discretion: Having that stick hanging over everyone's head, to be used or not according to no known principles, can only create paralyzing uncertainty and charges of discriminatory enforcement.

A second problem with partial decontrol is that it occurs at a time when inflation is sure to accelerate. The

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Memo to: NR Readers (especially students -- and anyone who cares about them)

From: J.P. McFadden

Re: something that may interest you

Two years ago Bill Buckley brought out a book that every student or young person ought to have handy, and almost anybody (not just conservatives) would, I think, enjoy having. Yet the book remains virtually unknown. So I want to tell you about it -- and also explain how you can get a copy of it right now -- for yourself, or for some young person you care about -- for less than a dollar (95¢, to be exact).

The original edition was called "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?" and was big and expensive (over 550 pps., $8.50). It was published almost simultaneously with two other books by WFB, both of which got much more publicity and attention, causing this one, as I say, to be overlooked, which was a shame, because in many ways it's the most unusual thing Bill has ever done: he has brought together, in this one volume, the best conservative thought of the century, which he personally selected and edited (and introduces to you with an original and illuminating essay).

In addition, it includes selections from Frank S. Meyer, James Burnham, Whittaker Chambers, Willmoore Kendall, Max Eastman, Henry Hazlitt, Milton Friedman, John Courtney Murray, Albert Jay Nick, Ernest van den Haag, Jane Jacobs, Russell Kirk, Hugh Kenner, Leo Strauss, Christopher Dawson, Eric Voegelin, Jeffrey Hart, among others perhaps less well-known to the average reader.

It is carefully indexed, so that you can instantly find that quote you want, and also arranged according to subjects, so you can pick and choose just what you like.... As a matter of fact, there is so much one could say about this book that it is not at all easy to describe. I asked Bill: "How would you describe it?" and he answered: "Well, it's all the things I wish I could say when somebody runs up to me after a speech or whatever, and says 'Mr. Buckley, what do you think I should read?'" It is certainly a book worth having.

The point is, it is now available, unabridged, in a handsome new softcover edition. Although right now still so expensive ($3.75), our hope is that enough of you will rush to get a copy that our quantity discount (plus no billing charges) will allow us to send you a postpaid copy for just 95¢ -- and we'll mail it to you, or to anyone you designate on the card opposite this page. But, please act now while the supply lasts -- I really can't think of a more appropriate and useful book for students (not to mention the NR subscription!).

So I hope you will use the card facing this page right now, before you forget. It has full instructions about how to order, for yourself, for others, etc., and at this low 95¢ price you really can't afford to miss it, right? Many thanks.

J.P.Mc.

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money supply rose by nearly 8 per cent last year, and that large an increase invariably bids prices up in the following year. Those who like controls will surely blame the inflation on the relaxation of controls. Still, it's hard to see how anyone can make that sound plausible, since wholesale prices rose by a whopping 6.5 per cent last year, under controls, and the December increase set a 21-year record.

The new program at least has the virtue of recognizing that the villainy of "big business" isn't the source of the largest price boosts. Nobody seems to notice that the controlled industries remaining—construction, health care, and food—are substantially protected from competition. Inflation, by definition, is a *general* increase in prices: *Specific* increases in prices, as in the three problem industries, are best dealt with by examining specific markets. These reservations aside, Phase III is a pleasant surprise and a welcome step back—forward—toward a free economy.

"We Will Fight until the Last Bullet"

President Nguyen Van Thieu emerges from his interview with Oriana Fallaci (*The New Republic*, Jan. 20) as an extremely engaging, thoughtful man: strongminded, passionate about South Vietnam's future, charitable toward the North and toward those Americans who seem unable to understand South Vietnam's position.

Some of President Thieu's observations: "I have to recall that I represent South Vietnam. As President Thieu I cannot afford the luxury of being an open enemy of the United States, which is still my friend, my ally. . . . Between man and wife there are fights, yet they don't necessarily become enemies because of that. Moreover, their fights . . . must never take place in front of the children." "What I maintain is that accepting an army of 300,000 men inside a country means to recognize the sovereignty of that army over that country. It means considering the North Vietnamese as liberators instead of aggressors, thus reversing the roles."

"Of course I would like to go down in history as the man who brought peace. Of course! But if I had signed what Kissinger wanted [the end of October terms], within six months there would be bloodshed. I don't care about the people who would applaud me at the moment. . . . I care about what happens later." "When you negotiate with the Communists, you shouldn't fix a deadline. . . . This is a mistake, because they know the Western mentality and Western democracy. As a result, they blackmail you."

"The gradualism of President Johnson in the Vietnam war was untenable. He never realized this simple truth: Either you make a war or you don't. . . . Don't bomb for the form, bomb for the bombing. Don't make a moral or psychological war, make war." "I now speak as a military man . . . the shorter a war is, the less atrocious it is."

"What do these 300,000 North Vietnamese mean to you? Nothing. What is the loss of South Vietnam if you look at it on the world's map? Just a speck. The loss of South Vietnam may even be good for you, sure! It may be good to contain China, good for your world strategy. But for me, *messieurs les Américains*, it's different. Because for me, for us, it isn't a question of choosing between Moscow and Peking. It's a question of choosing between life and death."

"You are not the first person who has asked, 'If the United States abandons you, what happens to you?' My answer is straight: 'I guess that we will fight until the last bullet and then the Communists will conquer us.' "

Watchman, What of the Night?

Like falling leaves, the books appear,
All bent on making China "clear."
Reports and guesses glut the stores;
Memoirs attempt to settle scores,
While theories thread the clotted page
Explaining why it's Mao's Age.
Meanwhile, in Washington, I see
Our leaders smile approvingly
As ping-pong paragons express
Their thanks with Chinese *politesse*.
Nor, thirsting for a Shanghai branch,
Do mighty enterprises blanch.

W. H. VON DREELE

Danger! Postman Coming!

You have to keep on the alert these days to make your way safely through the jungle. What with electronic screens, frisking, carry-on searches, and armed guards, the government and airlines are taking matters into their hands at the airports, but defense will have to be largely do-it-yourself against the currently fashionable letter-bombs. The police commissioner of London, which has had more than its share of these explosive greetings, has thoughtfully prepared a manual informing the prudent householder what not to do when the postman comes. We pass on his danger list, which you may want to paste on your mailbox.

All the following should be considered suspect:

Origin: If the postmark or name of sender is unusual;

Manuscript of sender: If this indicates a foreign style of writing not usually received;

Balance: If the package or letter is lopsided;

Weight: If the package seems to weigh too much for its size;

Springiness: Any springiness in the top, bottom or sides of the letter (but do not bend excessively);

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Protruding wires: Even the best-prepared devices can go wrong in transit;

Greasy marks: On the envelope or parcel wrappings (from the sweating of explosives);

Smell: Particularly if it is like almonds or marzipan;

Noise: If when shaken gently there is the sound of a loose piece of metal.

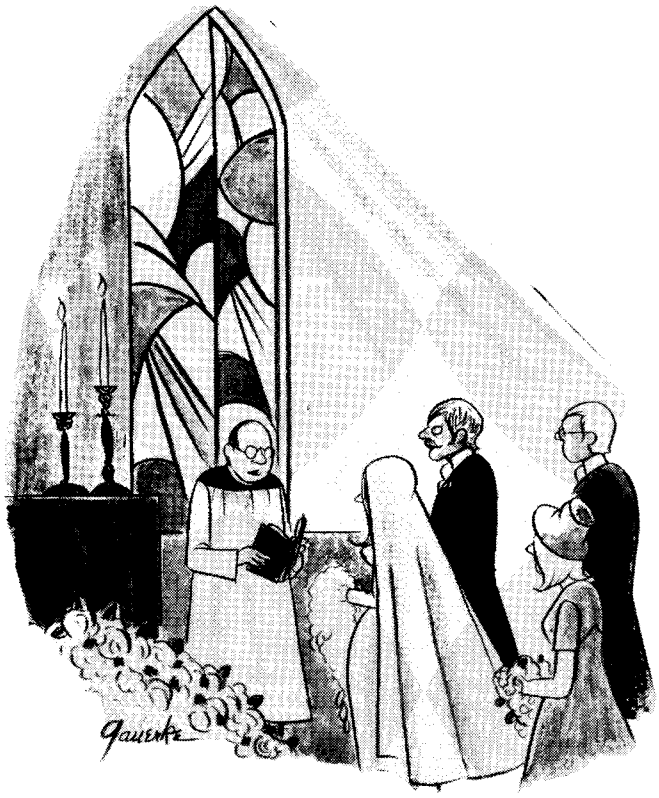
The Commissioner also mentioned that, when not in small packages, most of these new-style bombs are in thick letters, so that the routine letter weighing less than an ounce is presumptively safe. He stresses that any feel of metal inside the envelope when you touch it before opening should be treated as "very suspect."

Watch out for those valentines, luvs.

FAP Autopsy

In his new book *The Politics of a Guaranteed Income*, Daniel P. Moynihan, architect of the Family Assistance Plan (FAP), reviews the history of his scheme following its public espousal by President Nixon on August 8, 1969. FAP breezed through the House, only to be shot down by an unlikely coalition of liberals and conservatives on the Senate Finance Committee; thereafter, though FAP remained the Administration's "Number One domestic priority," nothing much happened.

In general, congressional conservatives opposed FAP because it would be too expensive, and because they disliked on principle the idea of a guaranteed income. But the motives of the liberals, Moynihan argues, were more devious. If it had passed, FAP would have raised the income of the poor in all states except for a handful of big Northern high-welfare ones like New York and Massachusetts. In the high-payment states, though the issue is complex, FAP in all likelihood would *not* have lowered the income of welfare recipients. But the welfare lobby was taking no chances, not even a marginal one, and it is precisely in those big Northern states that the welfare lobby—an army of social workers, bureaucrats, organized welfare recipients, and their constituents—has the most political clout. In killing FAP, therefore, congressional liberals sold out the less well organized poor in favor of their relatively better off, but much noisier, Northern counterparts. With allies like these liberals, the poor in the majority of states have no need of enemies.



". . . and do you, Kim, vow to strip beds, and do you, John, vow to remake beds until death do you part?"

In the abstract, welfare reform along the lines of a "negative income tax" has much to recommend it—and not least that its automatic character would eliminate forthwith that very army of bureaucrats, social workers, and "spokesmen." But, of course, there's the rub: They know that too, and they don't want to be eliminated. And that defines the problem of achieving genuine "welfare reform," not in the abstract but in the real world. A "negative income tax" is very hard to substitute for the present system—Milton Friedman's notion—though, of course, it could be tacked on to it. And that is hardly "reform."

Interesting footnote: According to Moynihan, no one expected the "work requirement" in FAP to accomplish anything at all. It was a sop for the conservatives. "I don't care a damn about the work requirement," Nixon told Moynihan. "This is the price of getting $1,600." But, in the end, the work requirement did not convince the conservatives, and it provided a convenient rationalization for the liberals' votes against FAP.

In the coming session of Congress, it is said, the Administration may reintroduce some version of FAP, reportedly with a much strengthened "work requirement." With, that is, a still gaudier sop to conservatives. That ploy should not distract anyone from the real issue: whether the scheme is to replace, or merely be added to, the current welfare structure.

The Genial Mao

The People's Republic of China could easily save itself a few hundred million yuan these days by dismantling its Agitation and Propaganda Department, inasmuch as the United States publishing industry is rapidly taking over most of Agitprop's functions. Books on China are pouring from U.S. presses. The authors are of all nationalities, but the requisites for publication are uniform: The writer must have proved himself over the years an ardent admirer of Chinese Communism; his writing, whatever it is about, must express approval of Mao, Chou, and the past and present of the Communist Revolution. The

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printers finished their task, the *New York Times Book Review*, prime arbiter of the nation's reading, then takes over with a guarantee of prominent, favorable, and lengthy notice. Cued by the *N.Y. Times*, the book stores load up and we customers take it from there.

In the *Book Review* issue of January 14, no less than nine Mao-fawning books were touted in three multi-columned reviews: *Hundred Day War* and *Turning Point in China*, by William Hinton (Monthly Review Press); *Daily Life in Revolutionary China*, by Maria Macciocchi (Monthly Review Press); *The Morning Deluge*, by Han Suyin (Little, Brown); *Mao's Way*, by Edward E. Rice (Univ. of Calif. Press); *Dianying, Electric Shadows*, by Jay Leyda (MIT Press); *The Long Revolution*, by Edgar Snow (Random House); *China on Stage*, by Lois Wheeler Snow (Random House); *Sports, Politics and Ideology in China*, by Jonathan Kolatch (Jonathan David Publishers). Just to make sure that nothing will be said that might upset our spiritual honeymoon with the genial dragon, the *Book Review* picks such reviewers as Ross Terrill, author of *800,000,000: The Real Chinese*, —the decade's foremost apologia for Mao and Maoism. Professor Terrill's apologetic talents are neatly displayed in his review of Han Suyin's drooling drivel. After a thousand adulatory words, a hearty one-sentence proof of Objectivity (her book's "partial view is sometimes misleading") immediately followed by the kicker: "The book reasonably tries to redress the moral balance against the years of anti-Peking propaganda fed to the American general reader, and it blows a fresh breeze across certain issues."

Well, as the President, expressing his regret "over the great wall of hostility between the Chinese and the Americans over the past twenty years," said to the Chinese acrobats at the White House, "As a result of my meeting in Peking that wall of hostility is now coming down. . . . Friendship is the most important gift from one group to another." Perhaps the *Times* should ask Mr. Nixon to do its next review.

Play It Again

The flag flies at half-staff in Scituate, Massachusetts as a war protest; black athletes, at Mexico City, Munich, and other sporting events, demonstrate a conspicuous disrespect for the national anthem intending a racial protest: And thus the conventional symbols of patriotism have their meanings reversed, calling attention not to the things that unite us but to our differences. Inevitably, the playing of "The Star-Spangled Banner" came to seem an embarrassment to officials of the Olympic Invitational track and field meet to be held at Madison Square Garden on February 16, and so they quietly scratched the ceremony—"Its purpose and relevance to sports events has never been established."

Quietly, so they thought. Deluged with irate phone calls, the Garden's management announced a policy requiring "The Star-Spangled Banner" at all sporting events there; New York's City Council, with even liberals going along, introduced a bill making such a policy mandatory throughout the city; even Mayor Lindsay came out for the playing of the national anthem, a sure sign that he's going to run again for something. When an uproar of this sort can take place in New York City, it is another sign that most Americans have had it up to here with protest qua blackmail.

Notes & Asides

■ 1972 Prophet of the Year Contest Results

Congratulations to the winners of the 1972 Prophet of the Year Contest. The first prize (five hundred beautiful, scarce NATIONAL REVIEW dollars) goes to Mr. William J. O'Connor of Rumson, New Jersey, a stockbroker, graduate of Boston College, 38 years old. He missed on only two predictions, i.e., Angela Davis was acquitted, and neither the Burtons, the Onassises, nor the Irvings (Clifford) have separated. Mr. O'Connor guessed that Dow Jones would close at year end at 1,030. In fact it closed at 1,020. . . . Mr. Frank J. Racioppo Jr. of Walnut Creek, California, missed on three predictions, but beat out three other contestants who also missed only three, but missed the second prize by underestimating Dow Jones at, respectively 986, 980, and 969. They are Mr. Adam Czako of Woodland Hills, Calif.; Mr. Larry Gale of Portland, Oregon; and Mr. N. W. Jasper of Moraga, California. The following proved to be true: Questions Number 1, 3, 6, 9, 13, 22. The rest were all false.

■ TO: WFB
FROM: LB [editor in charge of letters column]
RE: December 8 marijuana spread

To judge from our incoming mail, a lot of our readers think that *NR* and you personally have come out in favor of marijuana itself—not merely in favor of ceasing to put people in jail for smoking it. Granted, they came to this conclusion by reading only Dick Cowan's article and ignoring your, JB's, and JH's rebuttals; but still, I wonder whether we shouldn't take some pains to correct their misreading, especially for the benefit of young people who might take our supposed approval as encouragement, and of angry parents whose children dropped out after they began smoking marijuana.

Most of our discussion centered on sociological and legal questions. Thus, we may have underemphasized the fact that the scientific question is by no means

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closed. For example, the editorial department has just received a report on hearings before the Senate Judiciary Committee, which includes seven articles directly contradicting Cowan's statement, "Marijuana *used in moderation* causes no identified physical or mental problems for individuals who are otherwise healthy." These articles point out that it is very hard to define "moderation" and "otherwise healthy." They also assert that the active ingredient in cannabis accumulates in the tissues of the body, and may therefore have a long-term effect out of proportion to its short-term effect. Of course, these articles are not the last word either, but I do think we should bring them to our readers' attention.

■ Dear Sirs,

It may interest you to know that on page 1366 of your December 8, 1972 issue you published an ad for a chess book showing a puzzle in which white could supposedly mate in two moves. It is the considered opinion of a computer using a program written at MIT (the program has a master rating) that white needs more than two moves to successfully checkmate black. I hope that the computer was incorrect, as I would hate to think that *NR* is participating in false advertising. When and if you find the correct sequence of moves, please let me know. Sincerely,

Carlton M. Smith
Valley Stream, L.I., N.Y.

Dear Mr. Smith:

Sorry to say, your computer is in need of a transistor, or something. Assuming that white's pieces began on the "south" side of the board, the proper code sequence is: white Q-KR3, followed by black K-K5 (his only possible move), with an easy mate coming next at white R-B4.

I have just one question, however. If the computer program has a master rating, and I was able to do without assistance what the computer couldn't, am I a grandmaster? Cordially,

Patrick D. Maines
Assistant Publisher

■ Dear Bill:

I was arrested by the piquancy of Hugh Kenner's treatment of the impacted "hopefully" on page 1289 of November 24 issue of *NR*, and, desiring further elaboration, I sent Hugh a dispatch southward to Santa Barbara and enclose his deft reply of December 6 which should be preserved. Hopefully,

Charles Wallen Jr.
Millbrae, Calif.

Dear Charles:

I enclose your cards, inscribed and suitable for pasting. I'm glad you approved of the "hopefully" paragraph. Since as a correspondent in the current *NR* points out the misused adverb does attempt to fill a need, one ought to scrutinize the arrival of that need, apparently unfelt during all the preceding centuries of linguistic development. He makes a good point, that "hopefully" as it's now being used does not mean "I hope that . . ." so much as it means "I, we, everyone hopes that . . ." I'd go further and say it adumbrated a disembodied hope, a hope with no special hoper, not even a collective hopefulness, and that in this vagueness it is analogous to the beat/hip use of "like," e.g., in the cartoon baseball game where the bases were sign-posted, "Like First," "Like Second," "Like Third." In which case it goes with a general climate of waffling, and a disavowal of the declarative sentence, subject-verb-object, with a speaker assuming the responsibility for what he asserts, as authoritarian. Cordially,

Hugh Kenner
Santa Barbara, Calif.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I am most distressed to learn from SECA that further funding of *Firing Line* from the Corporation for Public Broadcasting is apparently not forthcoming. Your program is quite popular locally (the metro Louisville area), being telecast during prime time twice weekly on the PBS affiliate. The SECA communication suggests writing to CPB management, which I shall do in addition to any suggestions you may have. Is there a possibility that the show will go back into syndication?

In an unrelated matter, I notice that the public libraries are provided with 12- to 15-page yearly indices of *NR*. Are these available to individual subscribers? Yours faithfully,

Erick L. Redmon
Jeffersonville, Ind.

Dear Mr. Redmon: SECA (the Southern Educational Communications Association), the present sponsor of Firing Line, *has a sixty-day exclusive during which to find alternative funding. If that fails, the show will indeed go back into syndication. . . . The indexing of* NATIONAL REVIEW *has been done on a contract basis by the Falkenberg Press, Box 2228, Falls Church, Virginia 22402. The index can be bought from them for one dollar. Best,*

—WFB

Palme's Law

The Swedes, who camouflaged their planes
When Hitler pounced upon the Danes,
Have worked themselves into a snit
At what B-52s commit.
The rule of thumb appears to be
(You see if Norway won't agree):
The farther off the fighting gets,
The more they mount their parapets.

W. H. VON DREELE

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GEORGE F. WILL

Not as a Lame Duck

MR. NIXON is about the business of demonstrating the truth of Mr. Dooley's axiom, "Politics ain't beanbag."

The Inauguration has ratified the landslide election of a President without a mandate. Inauguration Day, which is supposed to be a healing moment, punctuated 74 post-election days during which the President demonstrated his low estimate of good will as an instrument of government. The lack of a mandate is not the President's fault, and the demonstration had a serious purpose.

When you run against a bungler of McGovern's historic stature it is hard to extract a positive mandate from the results. For a while Nixon men talked about a "mandate" for no tax increase, which is like a mandate for an early spring. The truth is that by election night the President had fulfilled the voter's "mandate," which was to stop McGovern.

But that night the President also formally became a lame duck. Since that night he has been demonstrating that he is not lame yet and his ability to act does not depend on anyone's good will.

The post-election dramas of bombs dropping on Hanoi and heads rolling among presidential appointees conveyed to Hanoi and its friends in Peking and Moscow, and to Congress and its friends in the bureaucracy, this message: Neither Congress nor the bureaucracy nor public opinion can render this President lame.

The President believes that in early December Hanoi began to hope that Congress and public opinion would cut the ground from under his diplomacy. And even before Mr. Nixon perceived this foreign challenge he was demonstrating his intention to dominate the federal bureaucracy.

Mr. Nixon always has considered the bureaucracy an unconquered province inhabited by hostile tribes, each with a vested interest in expanding government activities begun by other Presidents for the benefit of people who do not support Mr. Nixon. The conquest of the province has begun with the ruthless replacement of those the President considers unsympathetic. The President trusts two kinds of people, nonpolitical newcomers who are totally dependent on the President who elevated them to the glory of a government limousine (e.g., Transportation Secretary Claude Brinegar) and those who have served competently on the White House staff (e.g., Emil Krogh, 33, formerly John Ehrlichman's deputy, now Under Secretary of Transportation) who can help the newcomers cope.

CONGRESS IS muttering about how the President has reduced the power of the Cabinet, by appointing newcomers and keeping them under surveillance of skillful young men whose first loyalty is to the top White House aides. But there are some things not even a congressman can believe. It would be no hard trick to reduce the power of an institution as gossamer as the Cabinet. Anyway, congressmen who complain that they are elected and Ehrlichman is not, and so they should have more power than Ehrlichman, are in no position to tell the President, who was just convincingly re-elected, that he should share his power with appointed Cabinet members. The President believes people should have power because they won it in an election or because it was bestowed upon them by someone who did, and in that case they have no rightful discretion to use power other than as pleases the bestower. Congress cannot muster convincing indignation about that idea.

Nevertheless two things bother some moderate men and women in Congress about the bombing abroad and the purging at home.

First, Mr. Nixon himself has not publicly explained any of this. But Mr. Nixon evidently believes his isolation—indeed his invisibility—is necessary to emphasize just how independent he remains. He does not need to explain. He can count on the public's deferential forbearance which, regarding foreign affairs, has always been more important than good will or a mandate.

Second, there is the nagging suspicion that the President's moves against Hanoi and the bureaucracy are not related to coherent policies. He does not seem to have domestic policies which require such iron control over the bureaucracy.

With regard to the bombing, outgoing Defense Secretary Melvin Laird dropped a bomb of his own during his last trip to Capitol Hill. He said the success of Vietnamization has made possible "today . . . the complete termination of American involvement in the war" dependent "solely" on return of the prisoners and an account of the missing. This statement from one of the most respected members of the first-term Cabinet expresses the thinking behind the standard congressional "end-the-war" measure and was something it could not have been pleasant for the President to hear.

It is understandable that Congress, which has been nursing its wounded pride for years, now feels as though it has been slapped 'round the chops with dem kippers. The President is bombing his foreign enemies and cashiering his domestic enemies, and generally monopolizing the action, and now he says he will not even drop by Capitol Hill to deliver his State of the Union message.

Can the President keep Congress at bay? Should he?

Dean Rusk warns that a major decision taken without the consent of Congress is "in the subjunctive mood." The President may not believe this. Or he may believe the nation is better served by decisions "in the subjunctive mood" than by decisions made with a partner like the present Congress.

In any case, the deepening cold war with Congress will get worse when the war issue is out of the way and Congress can defend its constitutional turf, control of spending. Indeed, it is possible that this President, beginning his second term in an unusually sullen Washington, will re-invigorate the Congress. Just as the most important consequence of Napoleon was modern Germany, the most important consequence of Mr. Nixon may be a Congress united by wounded pride. □

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Black Star over Africa

SINCE HE began acting up last summer, the media have been presenting Uganda's General Idi Amin as a clown and a brute, and most of us have let it go at that. If we recall the later careers of some of our century's other clowns, as they were labeled on first appearance, it might be worth while to take a closer look.

Uganda is not one of those God-forsaken vacuums like Chad, Central African Republic, or Mali. Its soil is fertile. Lake Victoria, Africa's largest, is on its southern border, Lakes Albert and Edward to the west, alongside the spectacular Ruwenzari range—the Mountains of the Moon. The White Nile flows north from Lake Victoria; there are splendid game parks. Many of the ten million Ugandans speak English; about half are Roman Catholics. Uganda produces more coffee than any other nation in the British Commonwealth, and sizable crops of tea, cotton, tobacco, sugar, sisal, corn, and peanuts. Copper and tin are exported. There are textile mills, even modest steel and chemical plants.

Idi Amin was born in 1925 or 1926 to an impoverished family of the Kakwa tribe. Nothing much is known of his early years, but in 1946 he enlisted in the King's African Rifles. He rose to the senior non-commissioned rank that was tops for Africans in those imperial days. He also proved his talent at boxing by winning and holding Uganda's light heavyweight championship. He continued in the army after independence in 1961. He stood by Milton Obote in the 1964 mutiny, and was appointed commander in chief in 1966, his rank ascending in due course to major general.

In January 1971, President Obote, failing to profit from Nkrumah's example, journeyed to Singapore, whence he telephoned back a secret order for the arrest and execution of Amin and his close associates. By a fluke the call was overheard by an Amin supporter. A group of Amin's friends, got together by Sergeant-Major Mussa (a fellow Kakwa), beat out soldiers belonging to Obote's Lango and the related Acholi tribes in seizing the armory at Jinja barracks. There was some fighting, and the Aminites prevailed.

The Noncoms' Revolution

Sergeant Mussa brought Amin to a meeting of the Army Council, as his group termed itself. Most members were corporals or sergeants: Amin apart, this was not a generals' or colonels' or even lieutenants' revolution. They were opposed to Obote because of what they claimed was his neglect of the army; because of his socialism, which they considered hogwash; and because of the contrast between their poverty and the Obote crowd's high-living.

According to Amin's account—there being no other—the Council demanded that he take over as president, and held him under guard for eight hours until he agreed.

Amin first got global notice by dismissing the Israeli team of military and engineering advisers. To African and Mideast opinion, this symbolized a shift from the imperialist to the anticolonialist camp. Libya's Colonel Qaddafi promptly gave this interpretation substance by sending money and military aid. In August 1972 Amin moved up to the big headlines with his decree that all Uganda's non-citizen Asians had to leave within three months. They went, along with most of the Asians who claimed citizenship. Now it is the turn of the several thousand British, who are being pushed out in stages.

The Western nations have been unanimous in condemning Amin's actions as racist and brutal, but the African, Arab, and most other Third World nations have looked on benignly, and Uganda had no trouble in the UN Assembly. Most Ugandans are enthusiastic. Amin's rough treatment of Asians and Europeans is much admired throughout black and Arab Africa.

Undoubtedly part of Amin's appeal is to simple antiwhite racism. But it would be superficial to conclude there is nothing more to the Amin phenomenon. Amin seems to be making the first serious attempt at Africanization.

In *The Wretched of the Earth*, Frantz Fanon ends in the basic dilemma of the anti-imperialist revolution. The anti-imperialist struggle is inevitably led by the more privileged sectors of the native population, the professionals and native bourgeoisie. They succeed in winning political freedom from the imperialist power, but in the politically liberated country, the native elite becomes a new exploiting class. Because of its own and the new nation's deficiencies, the new class discovers it can maintain its privileges only with the help of an outside major power, often the former imperial power. Thus the freedom of the new nation becomes "neocolonialism," with the native elite serving as local stewards for the neocolonialists in return for the usual perquisites of Mercedes, villas, women, and champagne.

Colonialism to Neocolonialism to What?

Fanon's account is romantic, but, whatever terms we may prefer to use, we must recognize that in much of the former colonial regions things have been going along the line he foresaw. Amin, as I noted, is a peasant, with his primary base of support in the peasantry and the peasant-sprung soldiers. Many Africans, I believe, see Amin's moves as aimed at completing the second phase of the colonial revolution: the revolution against neocolonialism, and doing so according to his own instead of the Marxist formula.

Western comment (including *NR*'s) stresses the "counterproductive" effect of Amin's expulsion of most of Uganda's skilled people and his affronts to the foreign nations that are the markets for Uganda's products, the source of her financial credits, and the homelands of the profitable tourists. True enough, and the odds doubtless favor a fairly quick collapse of Amin and Aminism. But these utilitarian considerations, so persuasive to both capitalist and doctrinaire Marxian ideology, may not be decisive. Many economists have concluded that most of the ex-colonies can never in any case become affluent societies. Maybe some of them will forget about the industrial model, and will set out on a course of their own. □

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LETTER FROM CHILE

Racing Downhill

NENA OSSA

EVERYBODY asks, "What do you think of Chile today?" since my return two months ago after a 15-month absence. The reply would fill a book—the intrigue, new political allegiances and divisions; the growing power of the nonpolitical, private sector; an economy in its death-throes; a people who remain essentially the same, independent, argumentative, at times surprisingly passive and accepting. A book could be written on the blunders of Allende's Unidad Popular government alone. But are they, in fact, blunders? Is the Chilean economic disaster unintentional? What lies behind Allende's histrionics before the United Nations? Will Chileans accept Allende's excuses? The March elections will tell; until then there are some realities which the electorate must, and Allende should, face.

The Allende government now controls 52 per cent of industrial production directly and 37 per cent of the gross national production, not to mention the entire copper industry. Banks and finance corporations belong to the government. The government controls over 90 per cent of the distribution of basic goods, and more than 50 per cent of agriculture production is tightly controlled by government agencies. Wages, though set by law, are constantly ignored by union demands; the government naturally accedes to those demands. Among the more than ten thousand price-controlled products are all foodstuffs, meat, toothpaste, shoes, textiles, paper, and petroleum products. All imports and exports are controlled. The completely independent sector now comprises little more than newspaper stands, some private schools, and a number of small shops.

Of course, not all of this can be blamed on the Allende government. The process of direct or indirect government control of industrial production began with President Pedro Aguirre and his Popular Front in 1938. What is new is the extent of the socialization. By nationalizing the banks, for instance, the Unidad Popular now has the means to strangle any industry or business that does not toe the line.

Another factor contributing to Chile's economic decline is the fall-off in copper production, which represents 82 per cent of the country's foreign income—the "Salary of Chile," Allende calls it. Copper production has not dropped under the Allende regime, but in the past two years the government spent over $700 million in mine expansion and improvements. To pay for those expenditures, the government anticipated a real increase in production. No one denies, not even the government, that the political hacks hired as general managers after the nationalization of Chuquicamata and El Teniente haven't the required know-how to increase production. Thousands of new workers were hired and wages soared, so that, though copper production today equals that of the despised gringos, it does so at much greater cost.

Allende's performance at the UN, applauded by Chileans and the Third World in general, was little more than a smokescreen to obscure the chaos and ineptitude which is suffocating the Chilean economy. It also points up the new government tack for the March parliamentary elections, for Allende was careful to avoid slogans that would further estrange the Chilean middle class. Whether he can succeed in allaying the fears of the middle classes will depend on whatever foreign credits he can drum up between now and March.

MOSCOW HAS offered some credits but not nearly enough. Will the much-touted talks with Cerro Corporation pay off? Is there any truth to the rumors that Argentina is going to send a $70-million shipment of basic foods payable . . . sometime? Will the seemingly calm and gay atmosphere hold until March?

There is still an active social life in Santiago; weekends by the seashore are enchanting and the young beauties can still be seen strolling up and down Providencia Boulevard during shopping hours; restaurants are fairly crowded; and boutiques do well. Happily, the Castro and Guevara posters have practically disappeared. But there are dozens of small signs that the economy is continuing on its downhill course.

Queuing is everywhere. It has become part of life and, unfortunately, it forecasts a transition to rationing cards with food being the first to be rationed. You queue for basic foods and you queue for toilet paper, cigarettes, and tires. Hunting tires is enervating. People line up from 4 P.M. and continue queuing through the night until nine the following morning, opening time. If first arrivals feel sleepy and want to go home for a couple of hours, roll calls are organized. Yet one way or another you can usually find what you need—except cars, radios, or TV sets. For these you may have to wait months. Everyone, of course, eventually finds his way to the profiteering black market.

BUT WHETHER you queue or buy a chicken at black-market prices, things are incredibly expensive compared to 15 months ago in terms of escudos as well as black-market dollars (which, by the way, received an official nod from our Communist minister of finance the day he estimated the national losses caused by the October general strike at the rate of 300 escudos to the dollar, instead of the 40 escudos or 46 escudos that foreigners entering Chile receive per dollar). Visitors, by the way, are forced to exchange $10 per day of stay. Rents are the highest in memory. And it is so difficult to find a house or apartment that recently an advertiser offered a year's rent in advance for a five-room bungalow. Cars, if found, are extremely expensive. "The road to socialism will be . . . on foot," headlined *El Mercurio* last month.

Salaries have just been raised 100 per cent, but the galloping inflation is expected to reach 200 per cent during the first three months of 1973. Naturally, observers expect another wage increase before the elections. After the elections, who knows? In the words of the opposition, "Let's not wait until tomorrow. Let's start today . . ." □

Mrs. Ossa is NATIONAL REVIEW*'s correspondent in Chile.*

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THE FIRST TWO YEARS

ON BECOMING A UNITED STATES SENATOR

JAMES L. BUCKLEY

On January 22, 1971, Jacob Javits, pursuant to custom, escorted me down the center aisle of the United States Senate Chamber. Vice President Agnew swore me in, and I was handed a pen with which I entered my name on the books of the Senate. I then walked a few steps to my desk on the Republican side of the aisle. I had become the Junior Senator from the State of New York. Or, as senatorial courtesy puts it, the distinguished and honorable Senator from the great State of New York.

Rarely has anyone, distinguished and honorable—or otherwise—entered the United States Senate so innocent of the mechanisms of a legislative body or of the impact of politics on the legislative process. Prior to my election I had never held public office or participated in any organized political effort other than the third-party mayoral and senatorial campaigns of the brothers Buckley.

Shortly after my election Clif White, my campaign manager and guide into the political world, organized a private dinner with a few of the senior Republican senators so that I might acquire a better feel for the life I was about to enter. I had hoped to get specific advice on how to go about the job of being an effective senator. What I got instead were affable assurances to the effect that anyone capable of winning election to the Senate would find no difficulty in getting along once in it. This was all, in its own way, reassuring; but I did not emerge from that dinner

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I hoped to get specific advice on how to be an effective senator. What I got instead were affable assurances . . .

with the mother lode of hard, practical information that would help me thread my way through the complexities of the senatorial life.

The first formal business for a senator-elect is the meeting with the Sergeant at Arms and the Secretary of the Senate, who give you the basic housekeeping instructions, take from you sample signatures for franking privileges, and explain insurance and retirement benefits, as well as such perquisites as the right to a District of Columbia license plate, numbered according to one's rank in the Senate pecking order —plus one, Number One being reserved for the Vice President. (My rank was 99 because I had no prior service as a congressman or governor, which adds into the calculation of seniority. I beat out Lawton Chiles of Florida because New York has the larger population.) At that meeting I was presented with three books: *The Rules and Manual of the United States Senate*; an exegesis thereof by the chief parliamentarian, Dr. Floyd Riddick; and the *Congressional Directory* for the second session of the prior Congress. I determined to spend the next few weeks mastering the parliamentary rules, but was soon bogged down in their intricacy. I would learn to my relief that the Senate operates in a reasonably free and tolerant manner, and that much of its business is conducted not so much by the rule book as by continuing recourse to unanimous-consent agreements. Those who do know the rule book, however, are equipped, at critical moments, to take the parliamentary advantage.

New senators learn that they are expected to carry the principal burden of presiding over the Senate. For someone like me, who had never presided over any function, nor even scanned *Robert's Rules of Order,* the prospect seemed ominous. It isn't all that difficult, however, because sitting immediately in front of the Chair is one of the three parliamentarians, who whispers up the appropriate instruction. The most difficult task is to learn the identity of eighty or ninety brand new faces, together with state of origin, so that one can recognize the Senator from So-and-so without any excessive or obvious fumbling.

During this orientation period, I introduced myself to the Senate Republican leadership—to Minority Leader Hugh Scott, Minority Whip Bob Griffin, Chairman Gordon Allott of the Republican Policy Committee, and Chairman Margaret Chase Smith of the Republican Conference.

One important call was at the office of Senator Wallace Bennett, Chairman of the Republican Committee on Committees, in order to learn how committee assignments were made, and to register my preferences. The process is in fact mechanical. Once the minority vacancies on the various committees become known, the Republican members of the incoming class line up in order of seniority, and take their pick. Each senator is appointed to two major committees, and often to one or more minor ones. My own initial assignments were to Public Works, Space, and the District of Columbia.

II. *The Committee Shuffle*

It was in committee work that I first came to appreciate the enormous volume of business that courses through the Congress, and its implications. It is not unusual to find meetings or hearings involving as many as three committees or subcommittees of which one is a member scheduled for the same time, each involving business of some importance. One either spreads himself thin by putting in token appearances at each, or devotes himself to one meeting, relying on an overworked staff member to keep abreast of what is going on in the other two. I have yet to be convinced that there isn't somewhere in the bowels of the Capitol a computer programed to arrange as many conflicting appointments as possible.

The committee system constitutes a delegation of responsibility for legislative work in designated areas. It should not be assumed, however, that a given committee will be representative of the Senate as a whole. Senators naturally tend to gravitate to those committees that interest them most or whose work is most important to their particular constituencies, and a committee can become as "mission-oriented" as an executive agency. Given the broad range of viewpoints represented on each side of the aisle, the requirement that each committee have a majority and minority membership roughly comparable to that of the Senate as a whole is no guarantee that it will reflect the political spectrum in any other sense. Thus committee reports are too often "selling documents" that do not provide other senators with the kind of balanced information needed to help them reach a reasonably educated opinion regarding a particular bill's merits.

It isn't long—especially if controversial and complex legislation is being worked on—before a newcomer senses the enormous influence wielded by committee staffs. These are usually heavily loaded in favor of the majority party, in terms both of outlook and of availability to committee members. Time and again after new points are raised in committee, the staff will disappear to return the next day with what is often a significantly new or considerably refocused bit of legislation.

It can be extraordinarily difficult for committee members, even those particularly concerned with the legislation in question, to keep up with what is happening to it. There simply isn't time for a member to rethink and reconsider every interlocking provision of a complex bill each time a substantive change is made—hence the heavy reliance on staff. Furthermore, committees often work under enormous time pressures to report out particular pieces of legislation by certain deadlines which at times are set not so much by the natural rhythm of the legislative process as by political considerations.

Thus major legislation is often rushed through committee, reported out on the floor of the Senate, and put to a vote with few senators fully understanding it. It must be understood that it is virtually impossible for a senator to keep up with most—let alone all—of the significant legislation being considered by committees other than his own. I do not refer to legislation that grabs the headlines and occasions national debate: A senator has to examine such legislation in some detail if only to answer his mail and reply to reporters' questions. It is, after all, by his positions on conspicuous legislation that he establishes his political identity.

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Most of the bills considered by the Senate are relatively inconspicuous—though by no means unimportant. They may involve new programs that will have an enormous impact on American society, on the states, or on the economy; programs that in time may grow into multibillion-dollar commitments. Yet many of these bills will be enacted with little real examination by most of the senators who will have to vote yea or nay on them, and with less than adequate comprehension of what the bill involves.

The average senator simply does not have sufficient legislative help to get a proper analysis of every bill that issues from the legislative mill. Too many bills are called to a vote before the ink has dried on the explanatory report. Thus, all too often a senator's vote is based simply on a summary description of the bill (which can be totally inadequate), plus whispered conversations with colleagues who may or may not have detailed information as to its content—all in the fifteen-minute period allowed for voting after the bells ring to summon him to the floor.

Technically speaking, any senator can insure that adequate time is allowed for debate of any bill. He can simply register his refusal to agree to a unanimous-consent agreement limiting the time allotted for debate. This presupposes, however, that he has had enough advance warning of the particular mischief at hand to record a timely objection to any agreement to which he is not a party. It also presupposes that he will be able to educate and energize a sufficient number of his all-too-preoccupied colleagues to assure himself of sufficient floor support to make the effort worthwhile.

I recall two cases in my own experience—although there are, unfortunately, many more—that dramatize the pressures under which the Senate operates.

In early 1971, Governor Daniel Evans of Washington suggested the need for legislation to cope with economic disasters similar to existing legislation designed to cope with natural disasters. The law he proposed would be narrow in its focus, providing relief on a short-term, emergency basis to help communities ride out sudden economic catastrophes.

Two bills incorporating this approach were introduced, and hearings on them were held by the Public Works Committee. Several months later the Committee met in executive session to consider the legislation as revised by staff after the hearings. To the astonishment of at least some, the draft bill differed in fundamental respects from both of the measures that had been introduced. The basic concept had shifted from bringing maximum effort to bear on specific emergency situations, to an amorphous bill that would also cover areas of chronic unemployment or chronically low economic activity for which there already existed thirty or forty other federal programs. The definition of areas which could be made subject to the legislation was such that even a neighborhood could qualify for the most exotic kinds of federal help.

Nevertheless, this basically new legislation was approved in a single day by the full committee, and reported out. The legislation was then rushed to the floor of the Senate, debated before a largely empty chamber, and put to a vote—all within a day or two of the time printed copies of the bill and of the accompanying committee report had become available to senators. This legislation opened up a whole new area of federal intervention; it carried no price tag; and it was approved by senators only a few of whom had any grasp of its scope.

The second example concerned a new program of a truly sweeping nature, enacted by an overwhelming majority of senators, many of whom I am convinced had little understanding of the real issues involved. Just before the August recess in 1971, the Committee on Labor and Public Welfare reported out a measure innocuously titled "A Bill To Extend the Equal Employment Opportunity Act 1968 and Other Purposes." The "other purposes" turned out to be the inauguration of a comprehensive federal program for "child development" services designed ultimately to embrace a very large proportion of pre-school-age children regardless of financial need. Whereas in its first year the new program would cost a mere $100 million (chickenfeed these days), the Committee report placed the figure for the second year at $2 billion—an amount significantly greater than the projected cost of all the rest of the OEO's activities. Furthermore, the report stated that the cost of the child-development program would double every two years thereafter for some time hence. Secretary Elliot Richardson, then of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, estimated that the annual cost of the new program would come to $20 billion before the end of the decade.

Thanks to an interested housewife who had followed the progress of the bill in committee, my office was alerted to its implications. Because of the recess, we had time to examine its horrors and I was in a position to argue on the basis of expert opinion against the child-development section. (The bill had been scheduled as the first order of business on the day Congress returned, and was voted on in the Senate the next day, "other purposes" and all.)

Senators who had happened to be on the floor to hear the debate would have learned that there was substantial controversy among professionals over the child-development section, a fact they would not have discovered from reading the report. They would have learned that a number of experts in the field questioned the need for such a vast undertaking, and, in fact, warned that permanent harm could be done to younger children placed in the impersonal "warehouse" environment of the kind of day-care facility that was apt to result from the legislation. They would have learned also that the expert opinion heard in committee was entirely one-sided, and that even among the experts who favored the program, one had remarked that its far-reaching provisions would revolutionize the concept of the family in American life.

Unfortunately, almost no one besides the sponsors of the bill and the two or three senators arguing for the elimination or modification of the child-development section were on hand to hear the debate. Thus when the time came to vote, most senators voted aye on the assumption that nothing significant was involved in the bill beyond a simple two-year extension of existing OEO

When it comes to allocating rooms and funds, senators from the larger states invariably feel short-changed.

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programs. (This bill, incidentally, was later vetoed.)

This rush of business with little or no time allowed for legislative pause, thought, or deliberation brings to mind another aspect of the Senate's current way of conducting its affairs. I speak of the phenomenon of the amendment —printed or unprinted—offered from the floor with little or no notice, which can cover the range from purely technical corrections of statutory language to the most far-reaching changes in the legislation under consideration.

There is usually little check on the scope of amendments that can be offered from the floor, and no opportunity for the relevant committees and their staffs to study them so that some measure of expert analysis can be brought to bear in arguing their merits for the benefit of the Senate—always assuming other senators are on hand to hear the debate. Thus all too often, especially when the Senate is operating under unanimous agreements severely limiting the time for debate on amendments, they are apt to be adopted or rejected on the basis of their emotional or political appeal. So it was with the floor amendments that last October added $4 billion, or more than 27 per cent, to the cost of the Welfare-Social Security bill reported out by the Senate Finance Committee; with the amendments that added, in one day's time last June, almost $2 billion to the HEW-Labor appropriations bill. Surely there is a better way in which to conduct the nation's vital legislative business short of the highly restrictive rules that obtain in the House.

III. *Too Much Business*

All of which brings me to certain observations about the Senate today.

At the root of most of the problems of the Senate is the enormous expansion of federal activities in recent years. A recent study by the Association of the Bar of the City of New York found that the workload of members of Congress had doubled every five years over the past several decades. The Congress, like the Federal Government itself, is simply trying to handle more business than it can digest. The results too often are waste, conflicts, inconsistencies, and superficiality.

Once upon a time Congress was in session only six or seven months a year. There is every reason to believe that during these months there was time and opportunity to think, to study, to argue, and to come to educated conclusions. As the volume of work increased, the Congress was able to cope by extending the length of its sessions. But now, as a result of the explosion of federal activity resulting from the War on Poverty and other programs of the 1960s, it is conceded that Congress is in session essentially on a year-round basis.

One consequence of these increasing demands on senators' time is that it can no longer be said of the Senate that it is a club, exclusive or otherwise. Members once were able to spend unhurried time together, to get to know one another and develop a sense of fraternity while working toward common goals in a highly civil environment. I do not mean to suggest that all of this has disappeared. Real friendships and a sense of belonging do develop, but the sense of community which must once have existed has certainly been dissipated by the preoccupations that tend to keep senators concentrating on their own separate concerns except as their work requires them to come together. It is difficult, in fact, to come to know members of the opposition party who do not happen to serve on one's committees.

Whether the situation can be changed, only time and a differently constituted Congress will tell. But even assuming that the volume of business can be held at present levels, there remains the fact that each senator has only so many hours per day to devote to his job. A senator must be able not only to bring effective judgment to bear on his legislative duties, but also to maintain contact with his own constituency so as to find out what are the real problems people are faced with, and what are the real effects of the legislation he has helped enact.

All of this, in turn, takes adequate staff and office space. Mundane as this may seem, one quickly finds that staffing and space can become important factors in determining just how good a job he is going to be able to do.

A new senator from a state like New York quickly learns that the Senate places great emphasis on the equal sovereign dignity of each individual state; which is a polite way of saying that when it comes to allocating rooms and funds, senators from the larger states invariably feel short-changed. It should be kept in mind that the volume of work that must be handled by a senator's office depends largely on the size of his constituency. I speak of handling mail and constituent problems (the so-called case work), which have been increasing at an enormous rate as the Federal Government has become more and more intrusive into its citizens' lives.

Case work involves such things as immigration problems, chasing down Social Security checks, helping municipalities process their applications for this or that program, helping businesses thread their way through red tape—you

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name it. Whereas the office workload of a senator from New York may not be sixty times as heavy as that of a senator from Alaska, it certainly involves significantly more than two or three times the volume of work. Yet when I entered the Senate in 1971, the smallest number of rooms assigned to any senator was five and the largest (California and New York), seven. As I started out with a staff of 35 and needed one room for myself, this created a degree of congestion. In like manner, my allowance for hiring staff was less than twice the allowance for the smallest state. It is of course true that each senator bears an equal legislative responsibility and needs equal facilities to keep track of legislative matters and to help him do his individual and committee work. But this doesn't explain the disparity (or lack thereof) in space and staff allowances. In my own case, for example, staff members directly involved in legislative matters are less than one-fifth of the total.

IV. *Easing the Workload*

Committee problems, time problems, space problems . . . it would seem from my description that a senator's lot is not entirely a happy one. There are, of course, compensations, not the least of which is the pervasive air of civility and mutual respect with which the business of the Senate is conducted. But even the extraordinary civility and respect that are the hallmark of the institution cannot overcome organizational and structural complexities that make a difficult job even more difficult.

What, if anything, can be done about the ever-increasing workload that is at the heart of the Senate's problems? I am not so romantic as to believe that we can dismantle the Departments of HEW and HUD in the immediate future and return most of their functions to the states and localities. Therefore another approach to restructuring the work and the flow of business in the Senate must be considered if senators are to be able to use their scarce time more effectively, and if they are to bring a maximum degree of thought to bear on legislation.

One useful approach might be to place as much of the legislative business of the Congress as possible on a two-year cycle. One year might be devoted to debate and action on bills reported out of committees the prior year, and to the holding of public hearings to assemble information for committee consideration in the succeeding year. (Ideally, both of these activities, which are of a very public nature and which tend to attract headlines, would be scheduled in non-election years so that the participants would not needlessly be distracted from the business at hand. There are, however, technical difficulties with this.) The alternate years would then be available for detailed consideration in executive session of new legislative proposals without arbitrary deadlines requiring hurried, patchwork approaches to important bills, and for the important work of legislative oversight.

A system that would require committees to report out legislation one year, and to have that legislation considered on the floor the next, would allow ample time for special-interest groups, for the public at large, and for members of individual senatorial staffs to digest what it is that the senator will be asked to vote upon when the legislation reaches the floor. It would also provide a period within which amendments could be introduced sufficiently in advance of debate to enable the members of the relevant committees to study them and to give the Senate as a whole the benefit of their expert assessment.

Whether the appropriation process could also be placed on a biennial basis, I do not know; and of course, any fundamental reordering of business would have to make special provision for the handling of emergencies. But if the work of the Senate could be organized in some such manner—and I see no reason why it is necessary to enact routine legislation every year instead of every other year—then the conflicts between committee hearings and executive sessions could be eliminated or greatly reduced, the members of the Senate would have time to participate more fully in floor debate, and it ought to be possible—at least every other year—to adjourn the Congress early enough to provide senators with a greater opportunity to return to their states to listen and to observe.

In this connection, I believe the Congress should schedule more "free" time for its members—at least a week each month—for consecutive thought, for planning, for study, for travel, for meaningful contact with their constituents. All of this is necessary if a senator or representative is to bring the best that is in him to bear on his work as a legislator. This would also help with the problem of absenteeism, as senators would be able to schedule their out-of-town engagements during these periodic recesses.

I have not found the work frustrating because I had few illusions as to what a very junior member of the minority party would be able to accomplish on his own.

No discussion of possible changes in the way the Senate goes about its business would be complete without further mention of the committees.

As I have already pointed out, although the Senate relies heavily on its committee system for the conduct of its business, there is no assurance that the membership of a committee will reflect the views of the Senate as a whole. Thus it will very often happen that legislation that is highly controversial in nature will be reported out unanimously, or with appended minority views that are more concerned with details of the legislation than with its basic merit. This means that in too many cases the report which accompanies a new bill is not nearly as informative as it ought to be, and fails to alert the Senate as a whole to its controversial features.

This is especially true of committees that have a tradition of trying to iron out all differences of opinion within the committee so that legislation may be reported out unanimously. This practice has a certain utility in that it results in a genuine effort within the committee to reach reasonable compromises among conflicting views. Yet I wonder if the interests of the Senate are necessarily best served by this drive to consensus; for it encourages a sense of commitment to the end product which inhibits any public expression of misgivings by individual committee members. Thus the Senate is apt to be deprived of the candid insights of those senators who are best informed about

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the weaknesses of the legislation in question.

It might be desirable to require that every committee report outline as objectively as possible the principal arguments for *and* against each new legislative proposal, even when the bill is in fact unanimously supported by the entire committee. I also feel that whenever a member of a committee has strong reservations about any feature of a proposed bill, he has an obligation to the Senate to spell them out in a minority view printed in the committee report.

One recommendation I will not make is that the seniority system be abolished. This does not mean that I find it in all respects to my liking, or that I will not support (as I did) such sensible proposals for restricting its application as the one recently offered by Senator Howard Baker (and adopted by the Senate Republican Conference) which affects the selection of a committee's ranking member. Rather it means that I find greater potential problems with the alternatives thus far advanced. An often overlooked fact is that the seniority system was introduced some years ago as a reform measure to minimize politicking and power plays within the Congress. The system as it operates within the Senate today is reasonably benign; and I, as a most junior senator, have not found myself unduly abused by it. There are far more important targets, it seems to me, for a reformer's zeal.

V. *The Balance Wheel*

I have often been asked whether I find work in the Senate frustrating, and whether I have found any surprises. I have not found the work frustrating because I had few illusions as to what a very junior member of the minority party could accomplish on his own. Nor have I experienced any really major surprises, although I was not at all prepared for the enormous demands that would be made on my time, seven days a week, or for my loss of anonymity (the unsurprising result of six hundred or so thousand well-deployed dollars on television advertising during my campaign, reinforced by periodic meetings with the press since election).

Early on, I was struck by the number of extracurricular demands on a senator's time, especially one who lives as close to millions of constituents as does a senator from New York: invitations to speak which for one good reason or another cannot be declined, ceremonial visits, people with problems whom one must see and cannot refer to staff, people in the Federal Government to get to know, and so on. The day begins to be splintered into all kinds of pieces, even before the business of legislative work begins.

One thing that in my innocence I had not anticipated was the intensely political atmosphere that prevails within the Senate, the great impact of purely political considerations on specific actions taken by individual senators. It may well be, of course, that mine was an unusual introduction to the institution, as at least a half-dozen of my colleagues were beginning to jockey for position in the presidential race within months after I had been sworn in. This had an inevitable influence on how they orchestrated their performance in the Senate. Also there was the fact that the Senate was controlled by one party and the White House by the other; and as the presidential elections approached, the political atmosphere palpably intensified.

But these unusual considerations notwithstanding, I early learned that many senators tend to cast their votes with a view toward minimizing future political controversy or embarrassment. When a senator's vote is clearly not critical to the fate of a bill, it is often deployed for future political convenience on the grounds that it "wouldn't count anyway." Thus the Senate will often cast a lopsided vote on questions on which public opinion and the real opinion within the Senate is much more evenly divided.

This protecting of political flanks seems harmless enough, but it vitiates what I have discovered to be the important educational function of the Senate. If citizens see that members of the Senate have voted overwhelmingly in favor of this or that piece of legislation, many not entirely certain of their own ground may decide that they have in fact been wrong or backward or insensitive. Yet if on such issues each member of the Senate had voted his true convictions, the breakdown might have been, say, 55 to 45 instead of 70 to 30. I can't help but wonder to what extent this form of political expediency may affect the public's perception of the issues.

There may be another reason why the opinion of the Senate—even when accurately recorded—is very often at odds with what I, at least, take to be the current mood of the American people. Without having researched the

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A senator is entitled to free haircuts in a barbershop which keeps a shaving mug with his name on it.

point, I suspect that the Senate incorporates a cultural lag of ten or fifteen years; that it is out of phase by a period approximately equivalent to the average tenure of its membership.

A decade or so ago, the Senate was considered by some to be a backward, conservative body whose Republican-Southern Democrat coalition lay athwart progress and the will of the people. Others viewed it as a necessary brake on the rasher impulses of the House of Representatives. Today the situation is quite the reverse. The liberals in the Senate are clearly in the majority, and they do not reflect the growing public skepticism over federal initiatives; and today, for example, it is the House which tends to blow the whistle on the excessive spending approved by the Senate.

There is a reason for this cultural lag, if it indeed exists. A member of the House of Representatives is up for election every two years and studies the views of his constituency with particular care. Also, because each member of the House represents a relatively compact area, his constituency tends to be more homogeneous than a senator's and there is less of an impulse to cater to the fringe groups within it. A member of the Senate, on the other hand, represents an entire state incorporating a multitude of conflicting claims and interests. For better or worse (I suspect the latter) a senator tends to pay a disproportionate amount of attention to the loudest voices, to editorial writers and commentators, to the pressure groups. Furthermore, once in office, he tends to stay there. Thus a senator may be less sensitive than a representative to basic shifts in the underlying mood of the electorate as a whole.

I make this comment by way of observation and not of criticism. The Founding Fathers intended, after all, that the Senate be a balance wheel which would moderate the impulses of the moment. This function it in fact performs, even though at any point of time those who believe the current impulses are the correct ones may tend to impatience. The Senate, however, is not an institution to which the impatient should gravitate. It has its own pace; and, under the present rules, it takes a little maturing on the vine of seniority to be in a position to have a large impact on the body politic.

It would be inaccurate, however, and unfair to the institution to suggest that the newest members are without the power to do more than register their 1 per cent of the Senate's total vote. The ancient tradition that stated that freshman senators were to be seen and not heard has disappeared. Somewhat to my surprise, on my initial rounds I was encouraged by the most senior members to speak out when I felt I had learned the ropes and had something to say—which was not, I hasten to say, an invitation to be brash.

In point of fact, I soon learned that there are a number of ways in which even Number 99 can make his imprint on the law of the land. If he is willing to do the necessary homework on a bill before his committee, if he attends meetings, if he presents arguments for or against specific provisions, he does have a chance to mold its final form. I have found that my own views will be given as careful a hearing as those of any other member of the committees on which I have served; again the essential courtesy of the Senate comes to the fore. It is also possible, by submitting appropriate amendments, to shape legislation after it has reached the floor.

It will also occasionally be the lot of a senator to come across an idea of such universal appeal that it will whisk through the legislative process in record time—witness two bills I introduced involving certain benefits for prisoners of war and those missing in action in Indochina. Each immediately attracted more than sixty co-sponsors, and each has since been signed into law.

Finally, there are the educational opportunities—and hence, responsibilities—which the Senate opens up to the newest of senators. These had not occurred to me when I first decided to run for office, but it did not take long for me to appreciate the skill with which some of the more liberal members were utilizing their office to reach the public. They would schedule time on the Senate floor, often in tandem, to deliver themselves of learned or impassioned speeches to an empty chamber. Their wisdom might be wasted on the Senate air, but the exercise enabled them to alert the press that Senator So-and-so would deliver remarks on such-and-such a topic at the scheduled time. Copies of the speech would be distributed, and the gist of the senator's argument and the points he wished to make would become part of the nation's informational bloodstream. I also noted that conservative-minded senators were generally not so alert in this regard.

Whether utilized or not, the opportunity does exist for a senator to present his views on the important issues with some reasonable assurance that they will not be totally lost. Only by exploiting these opportunities for public education can he expect to help the electorate become more adequately informed on the basic issues. This in turn bears on the legislative process because, in the last analysis, public opinion dictates the outside limits of the options available to the Congress. By joining in the public debate and articulating the arguments in support of his own positions, a new senator—even one labeled "Conservative-Republican"—can contribute to the educational process which ultimately finds its reflection in national policy.

Snuff and Civility

These, then, are the random impressions of the United States Senate by one of its newest members: It is a deliberative body in which there is too little time to deliberate. It is a place where a senator is entitled to free haircuts (although he is expected to tip the barber a dollar) in a barbershop which keeps a shaving mug with his name on it. It is a place where on each desk there is a little inkwell, a wooden pen with steel nibs, and a glass bottle filled with sand with which to blot writing, and where on either side of the presiding officer's desk is a spittoon and a box of snuff.

Yet it is also a place where the rules of civility are still observed, and the rights and independence of each individual still respected. It is a place where many of the major decisions affecting the shape of our times are made; a place where even the least of its members may have a hand in making them.

It is, all in all, a good place to be. □

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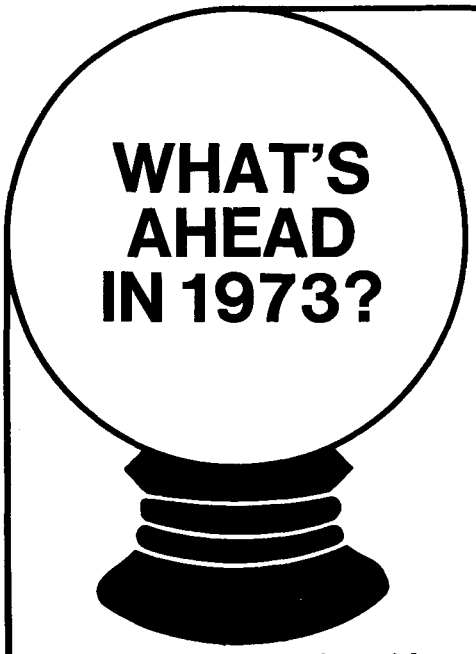

Will You be $500 Richer as our

PROPHET OF THE YEAR

Here we go again, with a chance for you to play prophet—and win $500 (first prize), or $300 (second prize), or perhaps "only" $200 (third prize), or would you turn up your nose at one of two $100 runner-up prizes?

ALL YOU NEED DO is mark each statement on the entry form "True" or "False," fill in the rest of the form, and watch the headlines to see how you make out.
ENTER NOW—all entries must be postmarked no later than March 6, 1973, to be eligible. The form below, or a facsimile thereof, is a valid entry form. One entry only per contestant.

Winners will be named as soon after December 31, 1973, as entries can be graded. Judges are the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW, and their decision will be final. In the event of a tie or ties, the entry with the closest-to-correct answer to the tie-breaking question will be the winner. (Employees of NATIONAL REVIEW and associated enterprises, and their families, are not eligible to enter; the contest is void where prohibited by law.)

Assume that the date is December 31, 1973 and that the following statements refer to the calendar year 1973. Mark each "True" or "False" by placing an X in the appropriate box:

	T	F
1. John Connally has a post with Cabinet rank in the Nixon Administration.	☐	☐
2. At least one of the following was married: Ethel Kennedy; Princess Anne; Coretta King.	☐	☐
3. At least one of the following was either married or served in a paternity suit: Johnny Bench; Ralph Nader; Henry Kissinger; Burt Reynolds; Hugh Hefner.	☐	☐
4. The deficit in the federal budget for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1973 was less than $25 billion.	☐	☐
5. Howard Hughes either was proved dead or made a public appearance.	☐	☐
6. Nguyen Van Thieu is President of South Vietnam and officially resident in Saigon.	☐	☐
7. An earthquake of an intensity of at least 4 on the Richter scale occurred in at least one of the following: California; Japan; Alaska.	☐	☐
8. Daniel Ellsberg was convicted by a trial jury on at least one count.	☐	☐
9. The 1976 Winter Olympics are scheduled to take place within the United States.	☐	☐
10. A motion to impeach President Nixon was introduced in the House of Representatives.	☐	☐
11. Construction started on the trans-Alaska pipeline.	☐	☐
12. At least one non-Communist European or South American government broke off diplomatic relations with the United States.	☐	☐

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	T	F
. At least one of the following is true: a) ıe Los Angeles Lakers won the National ısketball Association championship; b) e Oakland Athletics won the baseball 'orld Series; c) the Boston Bruins won the anley Cup.	☐	☐
. At least one of the following was re-ected mayor: John V. Lindsay; Sam Yorty.	☐	☐
. New York state's abortion law was ıended or repealed.	☐	☐
. The United States extended diplomatic cognition to at least one of the follow-g: the People's Republic of China; Cuba; e German Democratic Republic.	☐	☐
. *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* was on the *ew York Times* Best-Seller list as of July 1.	☐	☐
. At least one of the following has ended ; former chief occupation: Walter Cron-e (CBS anchorman); Joe Namath (foot-ll); Thurgood Marshall (Supreme Court stice).	☐	☐
. The United States unemployment rate the end of the year was above 5 per cent.	☐	☐
. At least one of the following was as-sinated: Idi Amin; Salvador Allende; chard Nixon; Golda Meir; John Con-lly; Fidel Castro; Anwar el-Sadat.	☐	☐
. United States Air Force pilots or Navy ots or both carried out combat strikes in dochina during the second half of 1973.	☐	☐
. At least two of the following are true: Dr. Christiaan Barnard is no longer a res-ent of South Africa; b) Pierre Trudeau is t of office; c) Constantine is back on the eek throne; d) Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn is longer a resident of the Soviet Union; Edward Heath is no longer British Prime nister; f) Mao Tse-tung is dead.	☐	☐
. Nude pictures of a first lady from either Common Market country, a Communist untry, or North America were published an Italian magazine.	☐	☐
. Henry Kissinger is working full-time ım a White House office as chief na-ınal security adviser to President Nixon.	☐	☐
. A Soviet astronaut walked on the moon.	☐	☐

MARRIED?

CONVICTED?

RE-ELECTED?

SACKED?

CONTESTANT'S NAME *(please print)*

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

I have marked the questionnaire according to the directions, as my entry in the 1973 PROPHET OF THE YEAR contest, with the following instructions:

☐ Please enter my subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW, or extend my existing subscription for one year at the regular $12 rate.

☐ Please send NATIONAL REVIEW for one year to:

NAME *(please print)*

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

☐ Please send NATIONAL REVIEW for one year to a needy college student from your list of applicants.

☐ *I enclose $12* ☐ *Please bill me*

TIE-BREAKING QUESTION:

At the end of 1973 the closing Dow-Jones industrial index was

(In the case of any dispute, ambiguity, or confusion, the decision of the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW will be final.)

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POST MORTEM

Texas Can Do It—but Didn't

PHILIP NICOLAIDES

Two weeks before the election Dolph Briscoe, the Democratic candidate for governor of Texas predicted confidently that he would win 2 to 1 against Republican Hank Grover. The press failed even to question this sanguine estimate.

The *Dallas Times Herald* reported just two days before the election that "one of the most thorough studies of voting preference ever conducted" showed Grover with less than 20 per cent of the Dallas County vote. On October 31 the Republican chairman of Tarrant County (Ft. Worth) revealed that a poll they had taken showed Briscoe winning that county. No one gave Grover a chance. Texas media and national media were agreed on one thing: The governor's race in Texas was no contest. Briscoe was a shoo-in.

Then came the big surprise. "It was so close," wrote Sam Wood in the *Austin American*, "Democrats and Republicans both recoiled with shock." It was indeed. It showed that the pundits and the polls were way off. Grover swept Dallas County with almost 58 per cent of the vote. He carried Tarrant County by a wide margin. Statewide he took 45 per cent of the vote, and Briscoe limped to victory with 49 per cent to become this century's first minority governor.

The national media, which had no inkling of the closeness of the race beforehand, made up for their failure in prophecy by glib explanations after the fact. *Time* described Grover as a "Houston history teacher [who] came out of nowhere." That's like describing Humphrey as a "Minneapolis pharmacist who came out of nowhere almost to win the Presidency." Grover has been in the Texas legislature for the past twelve years—the last six as a state senator. *Time* described him as "backed by a cabal of ultra-right Houston businessmen." The fact is that some of the largest contributors to Grover's campaign came from Dallas and Denton. Moreover, some five thousand Texans contributed to his campaign. That's a pretty big "cabal"— even by Texas standards.

The *Washington Post* reported that Grover "spent more than $5 million, using radio and television extensively." That was probably the biggest boner of the season. The fact is we spent under $300,000 on all media.

The common note in all the "explanations" in the national media was "Nixon coattails." But it was no secret that Nixon efforts in Texas were directed far more toward cultivating John Connally and his "Democrats for Nixon" than to helping either Senator Tower or Hank Grover. After spending a day at the Connally ranch Nixon managed a brief meeting with Tower (at the Senator's outraged insistence) at the airport. Grover was a last-minute tag-along. Both press and the candidates' own campaign photographers and film crews were barred from filming them together.

Tower, an incumbent with clout, fared better than Grover when it came to fundraising assists from the Republican National Committee, the Re-elect Committee, and the White House. Tower was cut in on funds raised at $1,000-a-plate fundraising banquets in Dallas and Houston early in the campaign. Grover didn't get a dime. The same was true of a late-in-the-race $100-a-couple fundraiser in Dallas attended by some five thousand and headlined by the Vice President. However, the press did note the thunderous ovation when Agnew went out of his way to endorse Grover.

As it did elsewhere in the country, the Committee To Re-elect the President almost bent over backward to prevent any help from going to local candidates. Grover's name was excluded from polls and canvasses taken for the President. It even vetoed a Ronald Reagan endorsement spot.

The Re-elect, the National Committee, and the state Republican hierarchy had clearly decided from the start that Grover's race was a lost cause, that there was no sense wasting time, effort, or money on it. In fact there is more than a suspicion that some high-ranking Texas Republicans did not relish the dilution of patronage and power that would have come with the election of a Republican governor. The leadership's failure to give Grover the little extra help he needed to put him over the top has caused considerable bitterness on the part of county and precinct chairmen and among the rank-and-file Republicans who worked so hard for a Grover victory. Mrs. Gloria Christopher, Grover's Tarrant County campaign chairman, expressed a widespread feeling when she told a reporter for the *Ft. Worth Star-Telegram* that "much of the blame for Grover's defeat can be laid at the feet of the Republican Party leadership in the state. And it was sickening to me."

Now that Grover's race has at least proved his slogan, "Texas Can Do It," (i.e., Texas can elect a Republican governor), a number of prominent Republicans are eying the race two years from now with keen interest. For one thing—thanks to a referendum passed this year—the governor and other key state executive officers will be elected for the first time to four-year, as opposed to two-year, terms.

Anne Armstrong, George Bush, and Fred Agnich have all been touted as possible candidates next time. Grover himself, while stopping short of a formal announcement, has left little doubt that he plans to be a candidate again. And he is clearly the favorite.

The sad part of all this is that there are no deep ideological cleavages within the Texas Republican Party. It is all a question of petty slights and grudges due to the collision of some pretty Texas-size egos. If the leading Republicans of Texas cannot get together and call a halt to their suicidal feuding they may well lose the chance to create a real two-party system in the state.

There may have been some excuses, some extenuating circumstances to explain why they dropped the ball this time: "We had to concentrate on taking the state for Nixon and re-electing Tower. Besides, who would have thought Grover had a chance?"

Two years from now no such alibis will wash. □

Mr. Nicolaides, President of Agora, the pr firm that was involved in the James Buckley senatorial campaign, managed Mr. Grover's campaign.

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SOVIET DISSIDENTS

The Irrepressible Zhores Medvedev

THOMAS H. JUKES

ZHORES MEDVEDEV is a Russian biologist who specializes in biochemistry, gerontology, and molecular evolution. He first started annoying the Soviet authorities after he was refused permission to leave the country in order to attend an international gerontological congress which had invited him to give a major address. Ever since, he has spent much of his time promoting the cause of international communication among scientists, an activity the Soviet government does not appreciate.

Medvedev is afflicted with what has been called the "Leonardo da Vinci syndrome," a tendency to do things of note outside one's own field. This, in itself, is criticized by Soviet officialdom, especially when it resulted in his writing *The Rise and Fall of T. D. Lysenko*, published in 1969. This factual, well-documented book described an absurd policy initiated during Stalin's heyday and continued under Khrushchev to the great detriment of agriculture and the food supply in Russia. (We have Borlaug, they had Lysenko, hence the wheat purchase.) The fact that Medvedev wrote as a strong supporter of the Soviet Union made the book no more palatable to the Kremlin, presumably because the truth hurts more when it is told by a member of the family. So Medvedev was soon fired and unable to get a new job.

This, however, gave him more time to write, and he produced another book, *The Medvedev Papers*, an account of life in the Soviet Union: the censorship system, the monitoring of mail, the restriction on travel abroad for scientists. Like the earlier book, it was published abroad in English. At this point, the authorities decided that the time had come to put Medvedev away, and that this could be done most easily by forensic psychiatry. The fact that Zhores is maddeningly (to Soviet authorities) normal was irrelevant. According to psychiatry as practiced in the Soviet Union, anyone who is against the government is obviously out of his mind and should be incarcerated automatically as a menace to society.

In fact, Zhores is far from being obsessed with antigovernment activities. He is a loyal Leninist and a great goer-to-potato-picking-parties. Over here, he would be president of the PTA and secretary of the Genetics Society. He is a confirmed postage-stamp freak, who has never used the same stamp twice on his letters to me (I have never met him, but we correspond regularly on scientific and other matters). The covers and postcards he has sent me would make a good start on a contemporary Soviet philatelic collection. He kept this up even when the NKVD had just hustled him out of town for trying to attend an international scientific congress. I have tried to reciprocate, but the U.S. Postal Service is bush-league when it comes to designing stamps, as all collectors know, so I send picture-postcards by Ansel Adams.

HOWEVER, it would not be surprising for even the most normal among us to show signs of being upset that could be latched onto by an ambitious forensic psychiatrist, if we had our front door kicked in and were dragged away to a maximum-security state nuthouse one fine evening, as happened to Zhores. And the psychiatrist is sure to be ambitious if he is told something like this: "Look, you want your son to be admitted to the university this fall, don't you? There might be a chance, but you are Jewish, aren't you? Well, we do hope you'll do your best to certify that this counterrevolutionary is a schizo."

What Zhores did when the police broke in was to ask his wife, Rita, to call in the neighbors for an audience. He then lectured the goon squad on the error of their ways. He was strong-armed into the paddy-wagon and driven the sixty miles from Obninsk to Kaluga. Inside the well-guarded hospital, with little to look forward to except an indefinitely long stay, he promptly smuggled out a letter to his friends in the United States saying in effect, "Don't worry about *me*. I'm OK and I'll make it out of here—you watch."

For Zhores had a weapon—his identical twin brother, Roy, who is a physicist. Roy raised living hell among Soviet officialdom, using connections to get to big-shot scientists and to Old Bolsheviks, and pestering bureaucrats by phoning them at home during the night. Finally, it got to be too much even for the Kremlin, and Zhores was sprung. The brothers celebrated by writing a book about the experience, *A Question of Madness*. (I don't know whether the psychiatrist's kid ever made the freshman class at good old Yekaterinburg U.)

Zhores finally was allowed to go back to work, but he was "transferred" to a job at an obscure agricultural laboratory where the main scientific program is on how various pig feeds affect the quality of pork. He has to ride a bus more than two hours each way to the lab, and he says it gets pretty cold waiting by the road to change buses in January. But somehow he manages to bootleg some basic science. He has started producing manuscripts on the evolution of DNA, and how red blood cells grow old in frogs. He sent me one of his DNA manuscripts, which provoked all sorts of discussion among the editors of the *Journal of Molecular Evolution*, who finally agreed to publish it in a shortened form.

Zhores' next objective was to attend the International Congress of Gerontology at Kiev in July 1972. But it was not to be—his registration fee was returned to him and his paper was dropped from the program on orders from higher-ups. He went to Kiev anyway, but he was picked up by the police and put on the next train to Moscow. Even then, he was still the unsquelchable Zhores, warning his captors about the bad effects of cigarette-smoking on longevity. He sent a telegram that said: "Regret to say that I will not be able to attend symposium and discuss your and Doctor Cutler's lectures because of earlier arrangements with Professor Kidnaper." It came through in Ameri-

(Continues on page 165)

Mr. Jukes, until recently a consultant to NASA, teaches at Berkeley. He has written three books on scientific subjects, and hundreds of magazine articles.

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

WBAI Is Dead

It's time they changed the call letters. WRIP, perhaps. Or WDOA. Back seven, eight years ago you could forgive Pacifica radio: centrist on the FM dial, but left of left on the political frequencies. There was good classical music, drama (cribbed often from the BBC), important lectures. And the amateurism was attractive. WBAI's best announcers sounded like they were taking speech therapy on your time: uhs, ahs, ers . . . gastrointestinal noises mostly. Copy would vanish; they were always behind schedule: six minutes, ten minutes, twenty minutes. One wondered why they bothered with a schedule at all. But it always seemed like they were having fun. I've got a pretty good ear for open, experimental radio. I remember my first newscast on WKCR-FM. The program director was there; I was nervous, afflicted with tremolos. Then the program director flicked his cigarette lighter, lit his Winston, leaned over, and lit the bottom of the copy I was reading. That was the initiation test for a newscaster: Did he have guts enough to read until the AP copy disintegrated into hot ash? Slapstick, young, spirited: But we did wild, good things in drama and news and music. And we admired WBAI. Well, the announcers still grunt at Pacifica; right now, as I listen, they're thirty minutes behind schedule. But WBAI isn't fun any more. It's a godawful bore.

Left Protest is kaput. There are only protests. And WBAI can't dare discriminate. A time slot for Gays, Lesbians, Women's Lib, Hopheads, Jews, Blacks, Reds, Puerto Ricans, Convicts. The voice/voices of WBAI are self-centered, parochial, monotonous—there's one sufficient word . . . bitchy. A leftist subscriber writes in the program guide. "I . . . object to the prominence given to the epiphenomena of the left-wing resurgence in America. Your concentration upon matters that are peripheral and even silly enervates and dilutes the attention that should be given to subjects that are desperately important." But he misses his point. The Left is all epiphenomena. Everyone protest-marching to a different drummer. And WBAI suffers as George McGovern suffered, a one-armed poster hanger, trying to satisfy each splinter of a splinter group. Vietnam was once their unifying God. But monotheism is dead.

It becomes laughable. For instance: WBAI has its Gay phone-in show. A sort of "*What's My Perversion?*" run by Mr. Charles Pitts, an angry homosexual. The whine level is piercing; you couldn't broadcast in stereo multiplex—there's just one point of view. Pitts is ugly, bigoted against Gays who swing differently. The subscriber writes, "Mr. Pitts . . . is also spiteful, intolerant, and tedious, and a querulous spoiled brat to boot. I think that the station could have done better than to have come up with a Gay Joe Pyne."

Of course the sex phone-in phenomenon is widespread. The big-wattage AM stations on both coasts run "Feminine Forum" shows with questions like: "How has an abortion changed your life?" or "If you're living with a man, why aren't you married?" But these are mild, broadcast on seven-second delay to catch obscenities; vaguely repulsive, like playing doctor with a department-store mannikin. WBAI may be behind schedule, but there's no seven-second delay: The language reeks of KY jelly. Little about the larger Gay problems; discussions that are certainly valid. Just George complaining because Don left him for that sexy hairdresser. A drag about drag: unless you're listening to the WBAI switchboard busy signal, waiting to explain that your mother really wanted a girl and you always listened to your mother.

And the people are tuning out. Among them people who came to WBAI in the mid-1960s—to hype up a then moribund concern, to make it a surpriseful, live vehicle. Larry Josephson, Steve Post, Larry Gorman are gone or are "on leave." Bob Fass, the father of free-form radio, has given up his *Radio Unnameable*: He works on dead air now, corporate air. Post writes of the programing change, "No single hot issue, not a mass urge, but simply the end result of an evolutionary process—a carbon in microcosm of the larger political scene."

IT IS SAD: and honest. WBAI must be given credit for publishing its dissent openly. Josephson and Post were personalities and "Pacifica's founders, after all, condemned the cult of personality." They were liberals, yes—but first they were entertainers, conceivers. And there is no place now for them at WBAI. Post says, "One must either go, as Josephson has, with grace, or return and face head-on the personal and institutional struggle." I think they will not return. And a subscriber writes: "I tune off WBAI almost as soon as I turn it on, rather than be subjected to the dreary repetition of Third World, Gay, Women's movement, or what have you, rhetoric—how much things have really changed, how really *un*entertaining BAI is."

There is much of interest in this. All art requires, to use Wordsworth's catchphrase, "emotion recollected in tranquility." Requires tranquility at least. It can provide an outrigger for ideology—right or left—but seldom if ever has it done so at the barricades. In this sense there is no avant-garde art. Propaganda is a positive action: It has motives. Art is reaction, the registering of events on a sensitive retina. It has happened in history that great ideological art has been created more often in the service of a dying idea—a

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eulogy: Swift, Yeats. Humor—with its tensions and reversals and free associations—is a simulacrum of art. WBAI's Third World, Gay, Whatever Lib programing exacts a high seriousness. There are opportunities for sarcasm, but none for humor—the protest movements themselves are too vulnerable, especially with their perfervid, ceaseless repetition. Entertainment must be open and distanced. The verb to amuse is ideologically suspect: It's not transitive enough. WBAI—the leftist, fragmented, news-managing institution—could no longer trust the Josephson-Post free-form radio. It is the bleakest of the Left's aspects: joyless, busy, constricted, always zealous. The new Calvinism.

It's a financial risk, presumably calculated. Listener-sponsored radio has become sect-sponsored radio. Subscriptions will still be tax-deductible, for some insane reason. (*NR* should drop its two dozen ads and become a reader-sponsored magazine.) WBAI may well survive, but the game is lost. Pacifica is an apostle to itself; St. Paul preaching at the mirror. An act of incest and self-congratulation. The uncommitted listener—right, center, apolitical—will no longer tune to 99.5. Even I used to listen through clenched ears, now and then. Not any more. □

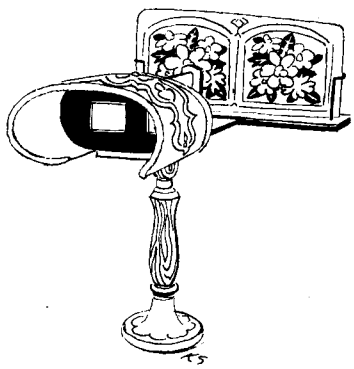
FILM

DAVID BRUDNOY

In Descending Order . . .

Never mind that they open in New York and LA come Halloween; in the provinces they invade the pitchur houses from Thanksgiving till Christmas, lingering into mid-February: We face now the Holiday Films, of which, as a public service, your man at the movies here surveys every one.

Start first with *The Getaway*, director Sam Peckinpah's splendiferous shoot-em-up. If the auto chase scene here doesn't quite measure up to that in *The French Connection*, the perfect timing and continuously exciting story make up for that. Turned down for parole after four years in prison, "Doc" McCoy (Steve McQueen) agrees to mastermind a bank heist in return for release from jail arranged by a Nueces River incarnation of Mr. Big. But everything goes wrong: An accomplice kills the bank guard; another kills the killer; McCoy tries to kill the killer-killer but . . . Waall, as they say down thataway, Doc and his Mrs. (Ali MacGraw) lead the cops on a merry run, while the baddie (Al Lettieri) and his neophyte moll (Sally Struthers) meander through Texas for that final showdown with Doc. Written by Walter Hill with loving attention to that old irrelevancy the English language, *Getaway* sparkles. As always, McQueen is neat, though Ali McGraw, the most beautiful girl in the world, can't act and never could; she really should be rescued from moviedom by an arranged marriage with some minor prince; in the trade that's known as the Grace Kelly Release.



NEXT: *Sounder*, which documents the believable struggles of Louisiana sharecroppers in 1933, telling honestly and wisely of being Negro in America. Racialism comes alive here without hyperbole, without propaganda, without evincing dat ole Oh Lord Here They Go *Again* reaction. Based on William Armstrong's recent novel, *Sounder*'s screenplay by Lonne Elder III is masterful. Martin Ritt's direction is flawless, bringing out first-rank performances from Cicely Tyson, Paul Winfield, and Kevin Hooks as their son. This is the film to see if you have despaired of ever viewing one about black Americans that didn't either wallow in bathos or, as in the newest blaxploitation flicker *Hit Man*, rip you off for the greater glory of soul-pride-beauty-sadism.

Jeremiah Johnson: an off-putting movie title, granted, but don't be put off. Robert Redford cannot, perhaps, *talk* his way out of a phone booth. But as physical presence he can *act* beautifully, and this film, enriched by silence abundant, shows him at his best. There's genuine poetry here, exciting acting in the old style from Will Geer, and a stillness and majesty of scene and conception: Three stars to director Sidney Pollack for making this thrilling and lovely tale of early-nineteenth-century survival.

ON A rung down: *Travels with My Aunt*, derived from Graham Greene's novel about Aunt Augusta and the liberation of her nephew (or so he thinks) Henry. From a London existence with her West Indian paramour Wordsworth (Lou Gossett) to Paris, Istanbul, and back, Augusta leads Henry on a mission of mercy, to rescue an old lover (or so Henry thinks) from kidnapers. The trick ending's a fizzle, but the flashback nostalgia—Augusta in her youth as high-society hustler—enriching an almost picaresque tale attests to director George Cukor's still-firm control. Maggie Smith's in her prime once more, her over-the-hill Mame-ish Augusta a tour de force, and Alec McCowen splendidly matures from prissy bank teller to Auntie's comrade in derring-do. Technically, *Travels* is grand, and if obstinately old-fashioned, *tant pis*; it *is* a Holiday Film, after all.

Young Winston is for congenital epic-freaks, which your servant isn't. Robert Shaw and Anne Bancroft as Lord and Lady C, and Simon Ward as young Winnie, give their all, considerable in each case. But the heavy-handed, showcased history-ishness of the thing is nakedly contrived and dreary. Just to make sure we miss no hints of what is to transpire later, the movie interrupts its Nile-like flow to present disembodied interviews with the Worthy Personages. On a par with Churchill as daredevil lad is Don Quixote as Peter O'Toole. *Man of La Mancha* does everything to pickle Cervantes' classic but foist it on Peter Max to illustrate. O'Toole strains, Sophia Loren flexes, and James Coco as Sancho Panza sweats; all to no avail.

SCRAPING the bottom of the Holiday Film barrel, three for movie masochists. *Pete 'n' Tillie* (beware of any flick whose title plays games with orthography) squanders the manifestly abundant talents of Walter Matthau and Carol Burnett, burying them 'neath (see?) a tonnage of cliché and tear-jerkery, all 'bout (that's three) a middle-aged couple, their dying little boy, and assorted traumata of no interest whatsoever. Geraldine Page and Barry Nelson and San Francisco come on as props, and the assembled throng mouth a script my eight-year-old cousin Reena could better. →

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Then, if you simply must: *Avanti*, which means come in. Don't. Try to remember Jack Lemmon in *Some Like It Hot* or *The Apartment*, and director Billy Wilder ditto. Unless a stupidly anfractuous story about a Baltimore tycoon and a winsome English chubby-bird (Juliet Mills) reclaiming (respectively) their father's and mother's corpses for burial on the island of Ischia answers some long-submerged need in the viewer, heed this advice: *Andarsene!*

Sinking faster than the *S. S. Poseidon* is, you got it: *The Poseidon Adventure*. I leave to my brother film critic Rex Reed the telling about Roddy McDowall-Shelley Winters-Jack Albertson-Stella Stevens-Gene Hackman-Red Buttons-Carol Lynley-Pamela Sue Martin-Ernest Borgnine-Leslie Nielson-a script by Stirling Silliphant and Wendell Mayes-and a cast of thousands perishing in the sea when a Sixty Foot Tidal Wave Capsizes This Simply Marvelous Ocean Liner One Holiday Eve. There've been worse movies this year, like, ah . . . Thinking of one right now has me waterlogged. □

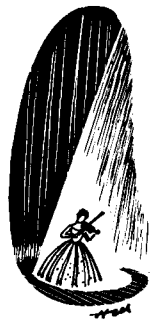
OPERA

MANUELA HOELTERHOFF

Second-Hand Siegfried

With the Metropolitan Opera's recent presentation of *Siegfried* New Yorkers at last have an opportunity to see the third part of Salzburg's four-part *Ring*. The production is not borrowed from that embarrassingly better endowed city, which in these days of unoperatic frugality would have been a commendable economy move. Instead, the Herbert von Karajan Salzburg Easter Festival presentation is duplicated here at considerable expense (with the help of money from Eastern Airlines). The logic of this is nebulous, but has an illustrious ancestry—the Metropolitan's *Rheingold* and *Walküre* productions are also second-hand.

As in most neo-Bayreuthian productions, the settings by Günther Schneider-Siemssen are based on the ellipse for reasons of ultimate, cosmic symbolic significance. They are also quite dark. Ever since breastplates, dragons, and bovine sopranos with braids have been greeted with disrespectful mirth, the most enterprising designers have found it difficult to visualize Wagner's murky *mixtum compositum* of Schopenhauer, *Edda*, and *Nibelungenlied* in anything but shrouded terms. Thus this production carefully excises all touchy things expressly mentioned in the libretto but likely to be vaguely entertaining—no bear for Siegfried, no hat for Wotan the Wanderer, and, saddest of all, no Grane for his daughter to ride.



Fortunately, Brünnhilde herself is fairly essential. But when she detaches herself from the barren cliff to sing "Hail thee, oh sun" there is no sun. It is at this time, facing Brünnhilde (Birgit Nilsson) across the dark expanse of the stage, that Siegfried (Jess Thomas) learns both fear and fatigue. Fear to make him the perfect, omniscient catalyst that *Götterdämmerung* demands, and fatigue from realizing this purpose. After four hours of coping with a mysterious past and an effete superstructure, Siegfried's heldentenor begins to sound common indeed—especially when contrasted with Brünnhilde's *übermenschliche* vocal plenitude. Miss Nilsson, it may be added, carefully avoided all caricature by appearing in the guise of a Victorian maiden, in designer George Wakhevitch's favorite shade of battleship grey.

However it was certainly Fritz Lang's 1920s film classic that provided the sartorial model for Siegfried's minimal outfit. Perhaps more of this *Siegfried* should have been modeled on its cinematographic predecessor than on conductor/director von Karajan's interpretation, especially since he was conspicuously absent. Instead, there were stage director Wolfgang Weber and conductor Erich Leinsdorf. The pronounced rhythmic dynamism of the Prelude to Act III unfortunately eluded both Leinsdorf and a slack-sounding orchestra. Leinsdorf did keep the volume throughout the evening at a level best described as restrained and kind. Yet only Miss Nilsson's stentorian attacks and Hans Sotin's dying gurgles (through an off-stage microphone) as Fafner reached any imposing dynamic levels. The Mime, Gerhard Stolze, encountered only occasional problems, due to his unique timbre (a cross between a yelp and a whine). However, Thomas Stewart's chamber-music-like approach to Wotan deflated what could be the finest moment of the score—the duet with Erda, the mother goddess, sung mellifluously, if very softly, by Lili Chookasian, rooted (appropriately enough) up to her waist in *Erde*.

One assumes that Weber's job was to reinterpret von Karajan's original interpretation. To mitigate the seemingly unavoidable stretches of boredom he relied on the mimic gifts of his Mime and Alberich (Gustav Neidlinger) and the good will of the audience, which, given the promise of a Nilsson finale, stretched endlessly. A little detail such as persuading Wotan to carry the spear like a staff, a logical position for a Wanderer, obviously occurred to no one. The true highlight of the evening was the giant Fafner, here transformed into a heaving subterranean amoeba that burbled and bubbled and moaned as it died, injured mightily in the nucleus by Siegfried's sword.

With the *Siegfried*, the Metropolitan Opera approaches the end of the *Ring*. Perhaps next year Eastern will fly devotees directly to the source, Salzburg, for the final conflagration, the third day, the fourth part, *Götterdämmerung*, thus saving the Met another reinterpretation. □

TELEVISION

C. H. SIMONDS

The Honesty Trap

Were this a movie, I'd put on my Young Ronald Reagan outfit, stick a couple of press passes in my hatband, and burst in shouting: "Stop the presses, chief—I've got a scoop that'll bust this town wide open!" To wit: television is dishonest, and never more so than when it's being Honest.

Take *Young Doctor Kildare*, the other week. The sweet, loving, oh-so-open-hearted girl is about to bear the child of an obnoxious hippie who doesn't dig "responsibilities" and "commitments" (they always utter those words with quotation marks around them, on Honest television), and who

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has given her also gonorrhea, which, he says, is "like, uh, just like a bad, I mean, like, cold, right, doc?" as a result of which (the gonorrhea) she loses the baby and the hippie, uh, splits—a bittersweet ending that leaves the two doctors shaking their heads. (All doctors on television work in pairs. One is always young and involved, the other old and wise; neither seems to spend much time practicing medicine.)

That's television's idea of a bold, "Honest" story about gonorrhea—an updated *Dr. Christian* radio segment, with gonorrhea thrown in and the wedding ring thrown out solely for effect. Real subject: the trials of young love, and the foolishness of kids. If the rulers of television really wish to be honest about VD, they'll show something to suggest that VD has human consequences more serious than making starlets emote badly. How about Army movies?

Take *Maude*, any week. To be sure, all the inhabitants chatter about abortion and vasectomy and peace and the wicked establishment. But what the show is really about is a middle-aged lady with a bladder the size of a ping-pong ball. I know this for certain because it's the toidy jokes that get the biggest reaction from the canned-laughter machine.

Anyhow, it's when the laughter is turned off and the actors fall solemn that the message comes through: Loudmouthed, featherheaded, flatulent, enuretic though she may be, Maude is by-golly on the side of the angels, she's right to have the abortion, Peace Now. Counterbalance to Archie Bunker, my foot. Come Message Time, Archie and all he stands for (bigotry, narrowness, insensitivity; also patriotism, hard work, traditional morality) are usually shot down in flames.

Or take *The Doris Day Show*. This year, Peter Lawford wanders in and out, as Doris' . . . something-or-other. Lover? The only explanation we get from Doris is that they "have an understanding," a dodge that passes for Honesty, Enlightened Sexual Attitudes Div., only in Dorisland, where $125-a-week working girls live in $750-a-month apartments. Does Lawford pay the rent? No, no, that would be Unenlightened, even chauvinistic. Either they're playing house, or he's some fag she puts up with because no fresh, young career girl likes to dine alone, especially when she's getting a little ropy in the neck. It's immaterial, I suppose, but if they "have an understanding," why can't they let us in on it?

That's honesty-about-sex on television: bathroom humor and bland euphemism. When the subject is homosexuality, the medium ascends to the liberation-level of a grind-house standup comedian, 1948 vintage. Not that there hasn't been progress. Just this fall, television was patting itself all over the head for airing a drama that didn't depict homosexuals as flouncing mascaraed freaks; just posed them on a lawn like iron deer and tiptoed carefully around them.

THEN WE have *M*A*S*H*, the "wildly irreverent" comedy show with "antiwar overtones" about Army medics during the Korean War. There are some inevitable period touches: a bad-guy keeps a picture of Joe McCarthy in his room; the name of President Truman is played for laughs. All in all, the show is no more irreverent, antiwar, or antiestablishment than Sergeant Bilko was, long, long ago.

When you think about it, afternoon soap operas offer the only downright honest reality on the air. In them, as in life, people wander from room to room straightening things, occasionally giving voice to commonplace utterances after long, clumsy pauses. Life goes on, and on; things happen, but do not seem to matter much. There is no snappy dialogue; there are no happy or unhappy endings, no pat solutions. Everything is to be continued. The rest of network television—primetime drama, network news, important specials—is so much professional wrestling.

There is probably no solution to television's honesty problem; I'm not sure there ought to be. Public television is no answer: For years it bored the nation silly, punishing us all for failing to live up to the liberal dream; if Mr. Nixon succeeds in "emasculating" it (that's like deflowering a whore), it will bore every bit as much. More local control over output would, to be sure, increase diversity: People in different parts of the country would be bored by different things.

And boring is one thing slick, plastic, dishonest TV drama isn't—provided the viewer is willing, as most of us seem to be, to skim along on the surface of it, like a water-bug. But when it pretends to be Honest, it tempts us to stop, and think, and drown. □

BRIEFLY

■ P.S.—she got the part: Mia Farrow will play Daisy Buchanan in Paramount's *The Great Gatsby*. Producer David Merrick calls it "the best female role since Scarlett O'Hara" (or since Gertrude Lawrence, in *Star*?). Funny—Ali MacGraw had it, but quit. . . . New blow to freedom of expression: *Laugh-in*'s gagwriters are under orders to stop using "Cleveland" as synonym for "hicksville," after campaign by Clevelanders. . . . Among TV shows likely to be canceled, unless they reverse slipping ratings: CBS' *M*A*S*H*, *Mission Impossible*, Bill Cosby; NBC's *Ghost Story*, *Laugh-in*, *Dean Martin Show*, Tuesday movie; ABC's *Mod Squad*, *Kung Fu*, *Temperatures Rising*, *Streets of San Francisco*, *The Men*, and *Julie Andrews Show*. . . . This season to date, top-rated show is, yes, *All in the Family*; followed by *Marcus Welby*, *Sanford & Son*, *Bridget Loves Bernie*, and *Maude*. . . . Odd: *Bonanza*, on the air for years, canceled in mid-season after its rating slipped to 39; *Gunsmoke*, on even longer, still hanging in there at 8. . . . Broadway revival of Clare Boothe Luce's 1936 hit *The Women*, off-again-on-again for some time, may be off for good because of money troubles. Show was to open Feb. 15, with Tammy Grimes, Myrna Loy, Alexis Smith, and Rosemary Harris in the cast. . . . AFTRA, Screen Actor's Giuld, and Actors' Equity all getting grumpy about imported actors and imported TV shows (like *Forsyte Saga*, *Elizabeth R*, *Civilization*). They want tariffs. . . . Poor Dick Cavett *tried* to be balanced, but he just couldn't find anybody to defend the bombing of North Vietnam. Bill Buckley and George Bush were on vacation; the White House promised to find somebody but never called back. "Usually people are dying to get on television," said Cavett.

Next issue, **Keith Mano** *reports on the Krishna kids. . . .* **David Brudnoy** *got a lifetime admission pass to the Rerun Theater for Christmas. . . .* **Manuela Hoelterhoff** *contributes music reviews to* Staats-Zeitung und Herold *(New York), is working for a PhD at New York University's Institute of Fine Arts, and is putting together a book on nineteenth-century German* "Kunst und Kultur." *. . .* **C. H. Simonds** *lives in a fringe area.*

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ONCE UPON A TIME, about a dozen years ago, we had what we thought was a very good idea, which was: Why not ask our own readers to help us find *new* readers. Heavens no! said wiser heads than ours (we were very new at this kind of thing), that's just plain asking too much of *anybody*. Oho, we answered, but our readers *aren't* just anybody, and we can't broadcast invitations like mass-circulation magazines and take on anyone who answers. No, the people we must look for are people very much like the readers we already have—people with similar ideas and outlook, tastes and values—the very ones, it seems logical to assume, who are much better known to *you* than to us, because they are your friends and relations and business associates, etc. And Lo these many years we have asked our readers to do us this favor: to rrriiippp out a postcard (just like the one facing this page) and use it to introduce some worthy friend to NR—give it to him with your recommendation, or use it to send an introductory gift subscription. And you have: thousands of you have done this simple but invaluable favor for us (some of you many, many times!). Without that kind of help from you, NR could never have become what indeed it has become—one of America's most influential publications. Influence someone *you* know today. As we so often say, just use the card facing this page today!

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BOOKS

Seeing Bob Taft Clear

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Mr. Republican: A Biography of Robert A. Taft
By James T. Patterson
Houghton, 749 pp., $12.50

Kevin Phillips, the student of voting trends, is looking for an "activist" Republican conservatism that will evolve creative approaches to such things as housing, education, unemployment, productivity, and the "rest of our national challenges." He speaks of the need for a Republican version of "Populism" that will bind Catholic ethnics and Mountain State Progressives to a program that will simultaneously satisfy Southern Dixiecrats and the small business community without offending labor. To which Jeffrey Hart has added that the Republicans must become the protectors of the aged and cease to be the political agent of Big Business.

We could say amen to this sort of thing twice over, but how will the Republican bigwigs know it when they get it? The query is prompted by James T. Patterson's *Mr. Republican: A Biography of Robert A. Taft.* Bob Taft, who could win in Ohio but never nationally, was the personal embodiment of everything that Kevin Phillips might hope for for the future. Few people would know it from the "image" (cursed word) that he projected, but Mr. Patterson delves below the image and comes up with quite a portrait of a libertarian "activist."

Taft's labor legislation was conceived in the interests of the worker, seeking to protect the individual against any and all oppression from organization, whether it was exerted by the union or by the employer. Nobody was more insistent than Taft on the right to strike; nobody, on the other hand, was a more unrelenting enemy of the secondary boycott. Taft had no love for Wall Street, and he sounded like Cyrus Eaton or Bob Young when he talked about the Eastern financiers. He was an early critic of what Kevin Phillips calls the "knowledge industry," for who had done him more harm than his fellow Yalies who ran the Luce publications? Like his father, William Howard Taft, he was a trust-buster. He had his own housing legislation. When he was called "socialist" for asking for federal funds to improve education in the poorer states, his answer was that public education was socialistic anyway, and had been for 150 years. An anti-Communist, he thought in practical power terms, trusting to naval and air supremacy to hold whatever lines could be defended by a volunteer army. In brief, a "Populist," not a traditional conservative.

How is it, then, that so many people could get him wrong? It is easy to say

that he had none of the arts of the demagogue (Ben Stolberg once said he was so honest that even tact annoyed him), but his dry, statistical style went over well in Ohio, even in the labor districts. He seemed to be a "reactionary" because he consorted with the machine regulars, but that was just a matter of securing his base. The difficulty which the nation had in seeing Bob Taft clear was inherent not in his own personality but in the times he chose to strike for the Presidency. Nobody of sober mien could have won the Republican presidential nomination in 1940, when France was falling. The Eastern "internationalists," who were actually less anti-Communist than Bob Taft, still controlled the party machinery in 1948 and in 1952. Mr. Patterson does not attribute Taft's defeat in Philadelphia in 1940 to fake telegrams, nor does he think the "Texas steal" of delegates beat him in Chicago in 1952. It was less conspiratorial than that: The times were simply out of joint for a libertarian activist who had no need to be called home to America.

An ironist reading Mr. Patterson's solidly researched book will be struck with certain prophetic divinations. In 1939 Taft proposed to turn relief over to the states and suggested that it be financed by revenue sharing. In his battles to take the Republican Party away from the Dewey machine, Taft followed what later came to be known as the Southern strategy. His five hundred delegates at Chicago in 1952, coming from the South, the mountains, and the Midwest, could not pick up the big-state allies from Pennsylvania, Michigan, and California that were needed to counter the Eisenhower-Dewey hold on the East. But the yeast was working: What Taft couldn't command in 1952, Goldwater seized at San Francisco in 1964; and Nixon exploited the formula for November victories in 1968 and 1972. Taft was simply a man before his time.

Never an isolationist, Bob Taft was an early proponent of regional organizations to preserve the peace. America, he said in 1943, should be a secondary

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guarantor of the peace of Europe, to be called in only when problems seemed to be beyond the resources of a European council. If he seemed to be an Asia Firster, it was because Europe, unlike the nations on the periphery of China, had its own economic strength that could be turned into military strength. Shortly after Eisenhower had taken over in the White House, Taft explained to a soldier that the success of the Chinese Communists in Korea would "lead to the steady spread of Communism down through Indochina, Burma, and Thailand, to Singapore." Thus Bob Taft, the proponent of the domino theory. Taft did not approve of wasteful foreign aid, but when the crunch came in the Eastern Mediterranean, with Stalin threatening Greece, "Mr. Republican" supported the Truman Doctrine. It is a mistake to think that Taft knew little about the outside world; after all, he had gone as a boy with his father to the Philippines, he had served with Herbert Hoover's relief organization in Paris in 1919, and he had traveled widely both as a lawyer and a senator. If he had been elected President I doubt that the U.S. would ever have come to the point of pushing West Germany into the arms of the Ostpolitikers. A Taftite Republican Party would have had more sense than that.

As a biographer, Mr. Patterson is not scintillating. His work has a sturdy, slogging quality that is quite in keeping with the character of his subject. This isn't the last word on Bob Taft, but it will do until somebody can come along to apply Taft's decentralizing thought to the emerging Republicanism of the future. Though he gloried in the name of Mr. Republican, Taft was not one of the Old Breed; it is up to some good man to show how he was a precursor of the New. □

John Chamberlain *writes the syndicated column "These Days." . . .* **Guy Davenport** *teaches at the University of Kentucky. . . .* **Francis Russell**, *author of* Tragedy at Dedham, *keeps his eye on the Bay State. . . .* **Vincent Miller** *is on the faculty of Wofford College, South Carolina. . . .* **John C. Meyer** *wrote his Senior Law paper on educational vouchers.*

FICTION

The Sunlight Dialogues
By John Gardner
Knopf, 674 pp., $8.95

ORDER AND DISORDER

GUY DAVENPORT

The unit of civilization in the Republic is still the town; Batavia, New York, for instance. WSW of Rochester, it is the seat of Genesee County, the citizens of which farm and work in small industries. TV and the automobile have made it pretty much like any other American town, but in its day it had its peculiarities (the Anti-Masonic Party, Albert Brisbane, Joseph Ellicott). Its name echoes the fact of Dutch settlers. Deeper in history, the Batavians from whom the Dutch took the name of their republic under Napoleon were an entirely different people. One would not put it past John Gardner to have been remembering when he wrote this long philosophical novel that the elder Batavians rebelled against the Roman Empire in its voluptuous days under the misrule of Nero, led by an ambiguous hero (genius? fanatic? revolutionary?) named Julius Civilis.

Into John Gardner's Batavia there came one day (he tells us) a "student and anarchist" who wrote the word LOVE on Main Street. Arrested, he refused to identify himself, and became known for his strange talk and outlandish attitudes as the Sunlight Man. Then the action begins. The Sunlight Man stages a jailbreak in which a policeman is killed. Disturbances and murders follow. For two weeks the Sunlight Man (an accomplished magician) plays a deadly game of hide-and-seek with the police, from time to time he summons the chief of police, an aging and weary cop named Clumly, to dialogues in which he expounds his philosophy and the rationale for his terrorism.

Western civilization, he says, is doomed by its inner contradictions. Affluent, we starve. Technologically advanced, we act like Cro-Magnon men. Enlightened, we are stupid and ignorant. We are all nerves and bitterness about such simple things as sex, loyalty, truth, and beauty. Crime escalates. Order and peace evaporate.

There are impassioned sermons in this book, as well as lessons in comparative culture; the old Mesopotamians, it seems, were more sensible and moral than we. Chief Clumly yawns his way through these diatribes, and once goes to sleep in the orator's face. We, the readers, aren't quite certain what to do. Especially when it becomes clear that the Sunlight Man is crazy, an old Batavian whom no one recognizes and whose personal tragedy (demented wife, children dead) has driven him mad.

But the Sunlight Man is a symbol rather than a character in a realistic story—rage and indignation personified. Or perhaps rage and indignation mythologized, for he is that element of rebellion and revision which we call Hippie and New Generation and Anarchy. He is The Outsider Come To Make Trouble. He stands opposite another symbol, Chief Clumly, who is a decent and frustrated keeper of the peace.

If the Sunlight Man's doomsaying sounds at times like Nietzsche's Zarathustra and all his get, Chief Clumly's muddled understanding of his plight as a policeman is reality itself. The police have been taken off the streets in all the towns in America, and go about their business now sealed in squad cars. To solicit their ministrations, the citizen has to make an appointment by telephone. By the time the police arrive, the crime has of course dissipated and the criminal fled, and the citizen can only wring his hands and say, "If only you had *been* here!" The police no longer police; they investigate. Robbers therefore walk into houses in broad daylight (who's to stop them?) and anybody with a hankering to break any law whatsoever has perfect leave to break it, and has plenty of time to be somewhere else when the police show up, if summoned.

No wonder Chief Clumly is the most interesting person in this roomy ramshackle novel in which 78 characters buzz about, including one who has two names. The Sunlight Man remains a mystery, and the horde of other characters get in each other's way, duplicate each other dramatically, and create such a traffic jam on the page that the novel

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has neither foreground nor background. It is like a play made up entirely of subplots.

John Gardner's last two novels, *The Wreckage of Agathon* (1970) and *Grendel* (1971), were short and beautifully compact. They, too, were philosophical novels; that is, they addressed themselves to contradictions and irrational miseries in our society, and they made splendid sense. *The Sunlight Dialogues* is too wordy, too vague of design, to sustain and deliver the same kind of energetic meaning.

Mr. Gardner is a medievalist (he teaches Old and Middle English at Southern Illinois U) and his mind would seem to have been on the sagas of Iceland when he undertook this novel. The sagas wander off in just this way, appending digression to digression, ending up with all the design of a monkey-puzzle tree. And yet John Gardner writes a bold, flexible prose, and his mastery of vernaculars is superb. The book is too good to bore; it overwhelms, it hides its climaxes, it strays; it is too damned long.

Sheer exuberance, all this generosity of plot within plot within plot; for Mr. Gardner clearly has much to say and is worth listening to. I'm not certain I know just what *The Sunlight Dialogues* means (is the Sunlight Man the devil or the prophet of a new age? how allegorical is it all?); there's no denying that this is a book people are going to talk about. □

Ed Brooke
By John Henry Cutler
Bobbs-Merrill, 430 pp., $12

BAY STATE BLACK SENATOR

FRANCIS RUSSELL

A very odd state, Massachusetts. The home of beans and the Kennedys; the most "liberal" of states, with one of the largest, lushest, and most sordid legislatures in existence where graft has ceased even to be called and considered graft; where Jack Kennedy was beatified and Joe McCarthy venerated; a fighting anti-war state; Taxachusetts where the property and auto excise taxes are the highest, where welfare costs the most and does the least. The state with the most colleges and the most semiliterates (listen to the talk-talk programs!). Overwhelmingly Democratic, it usually elects a Republican governor. Now it is the only state to have voted for McGovern, and in that same election it re-elected a Republican senator (the sole Negro in that Pickwickian august body). Why?

SEVERAL subsidiary reasons for the McGovern holdout: the Kennedy legacy, all those colleges and universities, intellectually chic and voting 8 to 1 for McGovern (the College of Embalming alone gave Nixon a small margin), and the more important fact that Massachusetts Democratic leaders put clothespins on their noses and worked for McGovern instead of sitting on their hands as in the other states. But dwarfing all the subsidiary reasons is a simple one. Nixon allowed his Massachusetts campaign to be run by a political innocent, the obscure Lieutenant Governor Donald Dwight. If, as I believe was originally planned, Senator Ed Brooke had employed his political acumen in managing the campaign here, Nixon would have carried Massachusetts. But because of some political jiggery-pokery it was placed in Dwight's inexperienced hands. Nixon should have carried the Jansenist Commonwealth on the abortion issue alone. Brooke would have towed the President easily in his wake.

What manner of man is Brooke, this Negro who calls himself black and who looks white and has the glamor of Adam Clayton Powell without the venality? He considers himself American first, Republican second, black incidentally, much to the rage of that dean of local columnists, George Frazier, who feels that every self-respecting black should be on the barricades. In that reborn and now worked-to-death word, Brooke has charisma, and he knows how to use it. He is able, deft, charming, handsome, and cagey. But I think the reason for his appeal in this bigoted liberal state is that given by his fellow black, Carl Rowan, as quoted in John Cutler's ample biography, *Ed Brooke*: "For a lot of proper Bostonians, being able to vote for an articulate Negro is the cheapest kind of conscience-clearer. Electing Brooke is a much easier way to wipe out guilt feeling about race than letting a Negro family into the neighborhood or shaking up a Jim Crow setup." And for a lot of not-so-proper Bostonians too. At the threshold of his career Brooke was not sure whether he was a Republican or a Democrat, but his political instinct sent him to the Republicans, warning him that he would get nowhere in the pre-empted Massachusetts Democratic lists. Even now there are those who wonder if he is not a Democrat at heart. In so many ways—though he is the more intelligent—he resembles his senatorial colleague, Ted Kennedy. The American Conservative Union gave him a 10 per cent rating, the ADA 90 per cent, COPE (labor) 95 per cent. He has advocated hiking the minimum wage, expanding the poverty program and Medicare, and he likes Lindsay—at least, he did. He has opposed the SST, further spending on ABM and MIRV, and after some twistings has supported the McGovern-Hatfield amendment to end the Vietnam war. Yet he has still managed to maintain reasonably cordial relations with the White House. As the first Negro senator he is careful to follow his unwritten law that he is a senator who happens to be black, not a black senator. As Cutler observes: "Brooke has charted a judicious course in the Senate, voting on the liberal side often enough to escape criticism in an anti-Nixon state, while maintaining a good rapport with the White House, which a columnist reported, 'has apparently adopted an attitude of "We know what you're up against in Massachusetts, Ed."' The feeling for Brooke even conservatives have often transcends their deep-seated reservations about his liberal tendencies."

BROOKE'S LIFE, as presented by Cutler, is a familiar one—with certain dark-skinned variations—of the single-minded, single-purpose politician on his way up. It will be much read in the years to come, particularly by politicians. For this clever, winning, and talented politician is still on his way. He could have served in Nixon's Cabinet; he turned down an appointment to the Supreme Court. Those were for him byways. His single-minded goal is to be the first black Vice President of the

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United States. There was talk of his replacing Agnew this year, and he might indeed have done so if the race had seemed close. He may well achieve his goal in 1976. He is the only Massachusetts politician to rate higher than Ted Kennedy in a popular-opinion poll. He may be the only Republican able to neutralize Senator Kennedy four years from now. In the end he might even become a statesman. □

People of Paradox
by Michael Kammen
Knopf, 298 pp., $8.95

AFFIRMING BOTH POLES

VINCENT MILLER

It is the argument of *People of Paradox* that American historians have too often sought for single reasons to explain American history, "a master key that would open many, if not every door." What Mr. Kammen suggests is that they should instead have looked for multiple reasons, for contradictory impulses in ambivalent interaction, each implying its opposite. What constitutes the American way, Kammen believes, is that Americans have always dealt in polarities and sought to affirm both poles.

Thus, for him, America is best described in a series of paradoxes: pragmatic idealism, conservative liberalism, orderly violence, moderate rebellion. We began, he points out, by feeling that our country was both a Utopia and a howling wilderness. For us the Indian was both a noble savage and a subhuman to be destroyed. We wrote more of freedom than anyone else, while enslaving a race. And, above all, our country has always been for us a place where wealth was to be sought, because we realized so well that in seeking it we would corrupt our souls.

We have, in fact, most oddly united the un-unitable; and been throughout, as Reinhold Niebuhr once said, "the most religious and the most secular of Western nations." So much so, in fact, that the Anglican Timothy Cutler called the Great Awakening itself a time when "our presses are forever teeming with books and our women with bastards." The mode lasted. "If you think this country ain't Dry," said Will Rogers during Prohibition, "just you watch 'em vote; and if you think this country ain't Wet, just you watch 'em drink." And today? Well, Mr. Kammen would have us witness the host of what Russell Lynes calls "mass-produced eccentrics" trooping off to encounter groups, where "people converge upon artificial settings to become 'intimate strangers' for a weekend."

In Mr. Kammen's eyes, all this adds up to a most paradoxical way of life, "both puritanical and hedonistic, idealistic and materialistic, peace-loving and war-mongering, isolationist and interventionist, conformist and individualist, consensus-minded and conflict-prone." Putting it all together, he is inclined, he says, to see America as a triptych. On one side-panel he finds the continuing American quest to legitimize its way of life, to ground its existence in more than impulse and abstraction. On the other he finds all those complexly unstable pluralisms into which our society has always broken down. It is his argument that the paradoxes implicit in these side-panels left America shot through and through with dichotomies it couldn't reconcile. And so, in the central panel, Mr. Kammen pictures what he thinks the true American mode. He calls it in barbarous fashion (after the Greeks, no less) "syzygy," meaning "the conjunction of two organisms without loss of identity," "the paradoxical coupling of opposites." He suggests that it might more easily, but in almost as ugly a word, be called "biformity." How viable a mode that biformity has been Mr. Kammen traces in what is a very brilliant book indeed.

And one of the reasons the book is so brilliant is that Mr. Kammen knows more than American history. This sets him apart from the run of American historians, who have too often proved the most provincial of all serious scholars. As Mr. Kammen himself says of them, they have traditionally set America against the background of a stationary and stilted Europe of their own contrivance, and doing so botched the job. Even Perry Miller knew so little of what one might easily know of Western civilization as to be unable to put America in any truly significant context. But Mr. Kammen is unusual. He knows enough of Western history to know how beriddled the whole story has been with ambiguity, paradox, and, if your wish, biformity. And knowing this, he can point out how America intensified European modes, changed them, and made them its own. And he does. The result is a rare one.

And yet, if the historian is to be what Mr. Kammen claims he must be, "the memory of civilization," even Mr. Kammen has not set himself a wide enough context to let him do the job right. He can trace our paradoxes back to Elizabethan England with its utopian and Machiavellian letches, but not beyond to their sources and alternatives. He seems to know nothing of Greece, or Rome, or the Middle Ages, important enough to help him place America rightly—though placing ourselves with reference to these worlds has been very much a Western and American concern. He seems to know nothing from the Orient significant enough to offer a helpful angle of vision—though from Emerson and Thoreau through Eliot and Pound, the American mode of vision—like the Western mode since the Enlightenment—has been profoundly affected by such a search.

He has read and thought about Western literature as few historians have, and these not American. And the writers he has read—or their critics—have helped him to many of his best perceptions. But he hasn't studied them enough. He has read Sir Thomas Browne, but he hasn't mastered Shakespeare. He can cite James Harrington on the problems that arose when "the Gothick ballance" collapsed, but he knows too little of what this collapse meant and continued to mean from Chaucer through T. S. Eliot. He cites Donne's " 'Tis all in peeces, all cohaerence gone;/ All just supply, and all Relation"; but he hasn't pondered Donne really, nor Yeats, for whom too "the centre cannot hold," but who was seeking for an older order of organic unity.

What we need of American historians, then, is even more than Mr. Kammen so wonderfully gives us, that they realize they must learn to place America not only in the history of Western Europe since the Renaissance, but in the context of Western civilization since its beginning. And this means that they must learn that we have always been rethinking our sources in more basic ways than they have yet realized, and that we have done so by relating our perceptions to those of the non-Western world. The mode is as old as Plato, and as new

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as the last stages of the modern age's revaluation, which began with the Enlightenment. It too is part of the story, indeed perhaps the most significant part. Not to know of it leaves us where Mr. Kammen is forced to leave us, caught in the most basic American paradox of them all, that of affirming one is sanguine about America's future while at the same time realizing that our dichotomies must in time come to the surface of our consciousness and sap our energy.

"Ah, cher ami," says the judge-penitent in Camus' *The Fall*, "how poor in invention men are! They always think one commits suicide for a reason. But it is quite possible to commit suicide for two reasons." □

The Supreme Court and Religion
By Richard E. Morgan
Free Press, 210 pp., $7.95

BARRIER OR SHIELD?

JOHN C. MEYER

This volume is a good guide to the state of constitutional law in the area of religion for both the intelligent non-lawyer and the lawyer who is not a specialist in constitutional law. Morgan ably provides the historical background necessary to see recent Court decisions in perspective and to understand the controversies from which they arise. Of special interest is his tracing of the two strands of "separationist" thought, the Enlightenment secularist, which sought to limit religious influence and preserve the state from religious contamination, represented by Madison and Jefferson among the Founding Fathers, and the dissenting Protestant strand, which sought to protect the churches from the control of or contamination by the state. The second view was initially the more powerful, but the present trends in constitutional law are clear testimony to the ascendancy of the first.

Morgan's premises are conventionally liberal, but he dissents from the more "advanced" trends in First Amendment interpretation. Fearing the effects of what he terms the "conscience explosion," he would restrict the Free Exercise Clause to protection from governmental discrimination because of beliefs by a return to the "secular regulation rule," which leaves to the legislative branch the question of what accommodation to religious scruples should be made in an otherwise valid exercise of regulatory power.

More generally, he tends to favor the claims of society's welfare over those of individual freedom. He never seriously considers the contention that a reduction in the sphere of government would obviate many of the clashes between the demands of law as a general uniform rule and the claims of conscience. For example, the problem of conscientious objection would be far less if there were no draft except in time of declared war, and a reduction in the length and prevalence of compulsory school attendance would defuse conflicts with groups such as the Amish (last year they won a religious exemption from compulsory high school attendance in *State* v. *Yoder*).

Morgan belongs to the school of interpretation which accepts the primacy of the Establishment Clause over the Free Exercise Clause of the First Amendment—a convenient and natural position for a secularist to take. The opposite view, that the Establishment Clause is merely the shield for the Free Exercise Clause values of conscience, religious pluralism, and toleration, is in my opinion more strongly grounded in logic and in the historical American consensus. It holds that the Establishment Clause does not mandate a complete and hostile separation between the state and religion but is rather a shield against the use of the state by one religion to gain special favor at the expense of others, or against the state's taking over religious institutions either directly by establishing a religion or indirectly by the far more insidious device of aid followed by regulation.

By the shield criterion *Lemon* v. *Kurtzman*, which forbade the use of state funds to supplement the salaries of nonpublic-school teachers, was rightly

RANDOM NOTES

■ OUT NEXT MONTH: *This Pen for Hire*, a collection of John Leonard's essays, is likely to get a *Times* review (Doubleday, $6.95). . . . *Lesbian Nation* is a hymn of hysteria, doubtless unpunctuated, by Jill Johnston (Simon & Schuster, $7.95).

■ PAPERBACKS. *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* is swooping down from Avon this month ($1.50). . . . *W. C. Fields and Me* is a memoir by his mistress, Carlotta Monti (Paperback Library, Feb., $1.25).

■ DUE IN APRIL: Max Wilk interviews popular composers in *They're Playing Our Song* (Atheneum, $10). . . . *The Young Mencken* assembles his writings up to age 35 (Dial, $10). . . . St. Martin's describes *The Radio Preachers* by James Morris as an exposé of Billy Graham, Oral Roberts, and such ($7.95). . . . *Eyewitness to History* is by Isaac Don Levine (Hawthorn, $8.95). The same house offers Drew Middleton's *Retreat from Victory: America 1920-1970* ($10). . . . The original draft of Yeats' *Memoirs* now appears complete for the first time (Macmillan, $11.95). . . . Jeff Greenfield held off till 29 before writing his memoirs, *Where Did You Go Joe DiMaggio?* (Doubleday, $5.95). For the same house, *NR* contributor Thomas Szasz anatomizes *The Second Sin* ($5.95). . . . Arthur Rubenstein reflects on his life in pre-World War I Europe in *My Young Years* (Knopf, $10). . . . *Laughing All the Way* is kiss-and-tell all the way. By Washington TV interviewer Barbara Howar (Stein & Day, $7.95).

■ BOOKS BY NR CONTRIBUTORS: Arlington House due out with several: *J. Edgar Hoover: The Man in His Time* by Ralph de Toledano (April, $8.95); *The Conquest of Poverty* by Henry Hazlitt (March, $8.95); a reissue of Thomas Molnar's *The Decline of the Intellectual* (March, $7.95); L. G. Heller's bleak look at CCNY and other institutions of higher learning, *The Death of the American University* (April, $7.95); *The Strike-Threat Systems* by W. H. Hutt (May, $11.95); and Peter Witonski's analysis of two Educational Reviewer surveys of college students, complete with his own recipe for revival, *What Went Wrong with American Education and How To Make It Right* (April, $6.95).

■ PUBLISHING STATISTICS. Just compiled, 1971 sales estimates by Association of American Publishers. Adult trade books, hardbound: $233 million (up $19 million). Adult paperbacks: $48 million (up $1 million). Religious books: $117 million (up $4 million). Book clubs: $294 million (up $46 million). Textbooks: $902 million (up over $34 million). Except for textbooks (up almost 4 per cent), book prices held steady in 1971.

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decided on the right grounds, "excessive entanglement" of church and state. Unfortunately, both Morgan and the Supreme Court appear to believe that such programs as educational vouchers fall under the same constitutional strictures. Both reject the distinction between *direct* aid to institutions and indirect aid to individuals who are free to select either a religious or a non-religious institution.

The indirect-aid line of argument is known as the pupil-benefit or individual-benefit theory. It was used in the *Everson* case in 1947 to justify the furnishing of free bus transportation to parochial-school students, but it is on its way to rejection in the far clearer case of educational vouchers. The genesis and purposes of educational vouchers are truly secular, unlike those of such programs as textbook loans, approved by the Supreme Court in 1968 in the *Allen* case. First proposed by Milton Friedman, educational vouchers serve the dual purpose of increased accountability through the application of free-enterprise economics to the schools, and circumvention of the stifling educationist bureaucracy. That such a program is likely to be ruled a violation of the Establishment Clause is a testimony to the mischievousness of the prevailing interpretation of that clause.

Morgan's position on the issue of aid to religious-affiliated schools is pragmatic. The Court, he says, "should proceed to turn the old Protestant-tinged separationism of the nineteenth century (soft on prayers, hard on money) inside out." In his opinion, parochial schools serve an important secular purpose and are now no longer strongly sectarian. His differences with the Supreme Court, therefore, turn on such factors as the degree of religion actually present in parochial schools, not on principles of constitutional interpretation. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

HOMAGE TO DANIEL SHAYS: *Collected Essays, by Gore Vidal (Random House, 449 pp., $8.95).* "I am at heart a propagandist, a tremendous hater, a tiresome nag, complacently positive that there is no human problem which could not be solved if people would simply do as I advise" (1956). *Plus ça change . . .* And more: Vidal is a superb stylist and essayist, utterly unfair when he sets out to do a number on someone politically wrong, er, Right, but brilliant especially in literary criticism. His earlier of these twenty years of essays scintillate; the latter ones tend to High Bitch. Like Whitman, Gore Vidal glories in his contradictions: He's orgasmic over JFK (1961) and then, banished from Camelot after tangling with Prince Bobby, nearly scurrilous about the whole "Holy [Kennedy] Family" (1967). He eviscerates Susan Sontag for using "balding" ("betraying, if nothing else, her lovely goosey youth"); then, while slashing away at John F. Kennedy, notes that *Why England Slept* was published by the "balding" Henry Luce. Vidal's goosey youth, no doubt, accounts for that one. He is Mr. Libertarian on sex and pornography and The Law; Mr. Vox Populi when confronting Goldwater, Nixon, Johnson, Agnew, *those* warmongers; Mr. Disinterested on international squabbles (see "Nasser's Egypt," 1963, and others); and Mr. Try-Bisexuality-You'll-Like-It when lifting up his axe for forty whacks at "Doc [David *Everything You Always Wanted To Know about Sex**] Reuben" (1970), who deserved all he got, and got it hardest and best from Vidal. "The Death of Mishima" (1971) ranks with the sweetest and shrewdest of Mishima-olatry, and, with "Doc Reuben," saves the last hundred pages of *Homage* from middle-aged tedium. All in all, disembodied, anthologized Vidal wears better than Gore in the flesh: and at his critical sharpest, he's very keen indeed, and almost likable.

D. J. C. BRUDNOY

HUSSEIN, *by Peter Snow (Robert B. Luce, 256 pp., $7.95).* It's almost as automatic as picking up the morning paper. Another attempted coup in Jordan, but the King escaped the assassins, so what else is new. Extraordinary you think that an organization as effective and fanatical as, say, Black September, hasn't managed to bump Hussein off. Extraordinary luck the man must have. Luck and more besides. Peter Snow tells you what in a crisp, workmanlike, unemotional, largely uncommitted biography of the 15-year-old who became king literally over the bullet-torn body of his grandfather, catapulted to the most dangerous throne in the world before his time (his father was and is hopelessly insane). How he managed to stay on that throne and keep a country, that is no country, together is a fascinating story: a young and resilient King, his back to the wall, displaying diplomatic pyrotechnics that it took a Talleyrand a lifetime to develop. Whether Mr. Snow is right in his analysis that Hussein would have been better off today had he not jumped into the Six-Day War, is debatable. Other Middle Eastern experts, Miles Copeland among them, would disagree. But if you're looking for a non-Sheikh-of-Araby rendition of what Hussein is, and why he still is, this is it. Mr. Snow has been a top correspondent for the British Independent Television News since 1962.

P. L. BUCKLEY

WAITING FOR THE MORNING TRAIN: *An American Boyhood, by Bruce Catton (Doubleday, 260 pp., $7.95).* I grew up in Alaska, where weather is still the major force against which man battles, and I find Mr. Catton's descriptions of the northern Michigan of his boyhood beautifully evocative. "The wind seemed to come straight down from the north pole . . . and it came out of the emptiness of the everlasting ice, as if the old darkness once again was sliding down from the top of the world to swallow everything . . ." Typical of Catton's prose—lucid, precise, graceful—a remnant, really, of the age he describes, for despite or perhaps because of natural enemies, then, as in the Alaska of my girlhood, men could still be poets. Catton's was an age when "a nation which lived in the shadow of Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln . . . was painfully trying to adjust itself to a new era . . .," an age which found the technology of the twentieth century upon it before it could get out of the way. The history of Mr. Catton's town is the history of our century—violent change and the almost impossible task of adjusting to it. In his comments on the disappearance of the wilderness, Mr. Catton neatly encapsulates the central dilemma of our age. "There is no twentieth-century culture; the twentieth century is simply a time of transition, and the noise of things collapsing is so loud that we are taking the prodigious step from the nineteenth century to the twenty-first without a moment of calm in which we can see where we are going. Between nineteenth century and twenty-first there is a gulf as vast as the one stone-age Indians had to cross."

P. S. COYNE

A NATION OF STRANGERS. *by Vance Packard (McKay, 368 pp., $7.95).* Everybody talks about the "rootlessness of American society" and the "breakup of the family"; Mr. Packard has done something about it: He has investigated, thoroughly—by poking around all over the country for four rootless-sounding years. I find it all frightening. Not only does America have poor "migrant workers," it also has wandering corporation executives, traveling salesmen, transferring students, and transferred Armed Forces families. The age of neighbors and communities has certainly passed when an embalmer successfully peddles the idea of a "drive-in mortuary" where acquaintances who feel they don't know the bereaved family all that well may glimpse the remains through a plate-glass window from their cars, and drop off a card of condolence. Mr. Packard offers suggestions for "new approaches to a sense of community," not all of which—e.g., population control—I would agree with; and discovers one promising development, the built-from-scratch "new town" of Columbia, Maryland, where community appears to be taking root.

P. C. SIMONDS

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 127)

nstitutions. Such alienation is only aggravated by the present punitive approach.

GORDON S. BROWNELL

San Francisco, Calif.

Ostpolitik

Thank you for the very excellent article "Germany: Ostpolitik in Concrete" by Norbert Muhlen and Henry Regnery [Dec. 22]. The authors have given us an extremely perceptive and well-informed summary of the present German situation.

I wonder whether you saw an article in *Die Welt* in which Dieter Cycon (one of the good guys) laments the White House's shortsighted, not-so-subtle support of the Brandt-Scheel government during the election campaign just past, and goes on to surmise that Mr. Nixon and company will soon have more than ample reason to regret having lent that support, if, indeed, that is not already the case (note the unhappy rumblings from within Brandt's party concerning the bombing of North Vietnam; really, of all people, the West Germans should know better!).

I couldn't agree more with Muhlen and Regnery on the meaning of the election outcome. Every thinking person here in the *Bundesrepublik*—German, American, or whatever—knows where this government is headed, and for those of us who have been here for some time, it is a sad thing to watch. One hopes that, miraculously, something will still happen to stave off what currently appears to be the inevitable.

APO, New York J. C. KELSEY

Henry Sutton ["Letters," Jan. 19] correctly chides Henry Regnery for writing that Social Democrat Herbert Wehner "not so long ago was one of the strong men of the DDR . . ."

Mr. Sutton is also right in stating that ". . . Wehner was once a Communist, even a member of the Central Committee of the German CP," but he errs in asserting that Wehner "broke with Moscow in the midst of World War II" while on a secret mission to Sweden in 1941.

Moscow broke with Wehner, not the other way around. He was expelled from the emigré German Communist Party while on the secret mission in Sweden.

It is precisely Wehner's involuntary break from the Comintern that distinguishes him from Willi Schlamm, Whittaker Chambers, or the other witnesses. Who can argue with Sutton's proposition that "generally, people who have broken with Communism are the most reliable anti-Communists"? How would he rate those ex-Communists, however, who were cashiered, not converted?

This is what disturbs so many German and foreign anti-Communists about Herbert Wehner.

Washington, D.C. HAROLD F. EBERLE

The Bdismal Scientia

Without pursuing the substance of ideas which are suggested in the article, my compliments to *NR* for William F. Rickenbacker's nonsense article on the dismal science ["Land of the Free," Jan. 5].

Mr. R has violated Article I of the Constitution of Investment Advisers, Ltd. What he has written is undignified, unstuffy, and unpompous.

Washington, D.C. LLOYD BUCHANAN

Republican South?

I had long suspected that William Buckley's unfortunate Republican tendencies clouded his understanding of Southern politics, but until reading his column "Whither Wallace" [Jan. 5], I hardly realized the extent to which he had allowed his imagination to roam concerning the "demise" of the Democratic South.

It is difficult to imagine Governor Wallace "walking over" to embrace the GOP, leaving behind the populism and identity with working people which has pervaded his political life. It is even more difficult to imagine the entire South suddenly, on cue, abandoning the "traditional resistance" to which Mr. Buckley refers and filling our courthouses and statehouses with the Republicans who, when seen down here, are usually busy playing golf, reading the *Wall Street Journal*, and making their seasonal predictions regarding the demise of the Democratic South.

Granted no Jeffersonian Democrat in his right mind could vote for Mr. McGovern. The poor taste of the national Democratic Party, however, is hardly reason for Southerners to abandon the only party which has real roots in our realm. Some years back we found that it was not impossible to ignore the national party when its antics became unbearable, but we could hardly abandon the standard which serves us when there is no real party here to take its place. Yankees have never been able to write intelligently about our politics, and we have learned to tolerate that. But please refrain from making such preposterous predictions regarding Governor Wallace; he is able to speak for himself.

Fitzgerald, Ga. JAMES L. PAULK

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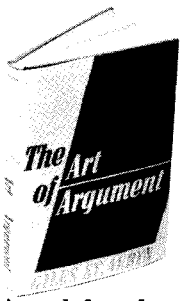

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

Three Alphabetic Sentences:

The quick brown fox jumps over a lazy dog. A preliminary exam by a qualified vet shows that the major reason why the dog dozes is that he is a sackhound. Quite a few prominent Zulus just cannot get very excited about Hackensack.

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JUKES

(Continued from page 151)

:an newspapers that Medvedev had ɔeen picked up by "professional kid-ıapers."

Zhores' main purpose, next to his re-earch, is to improve fruitful communi-:ation among scientists of the world. If ɔolzhenitsyn stands for the triumph of he individual over the Soviet system, urely Medvedev is the personification ɔf the desire for freedom in communi-:ation. This privilege most of us take or granted, but to him it has been a nonumental struggle in which he needs he help of our scientists.

How can we help? Here is a sugges-ion that we can ponder:

> . . . more or less everybody here thinks that it is not worthwhile to do anything, since they think it will only make things worse. And such skeptics sometimes are right. The numerous letters in defense of Sinyavsky, Daniel, Ginsburg, Litvinov, Grigorenko have not changed their fates a whit. Tens and hundreds of people who have subscribed to these letters were subjected to various persecutions, dismissals, expulsions from the Party, extra labor loads, etc. And yet silence is not an escape from the situation. I would think that the escape does not consist in simple emotional protests, or letters, but in serious analytical works of a fundamental character which can, without doubt, prove the national and international damage that has resulted. It is inevitable that systems whose stability is based on fear, and not on democracy and reason, will fall behind. The existence of such systems in the current world poses a danger for the whole of mankind.

Last week Soviet authorities finally ;ranted permission for Medvedev, ac-:ompanied by his wife and a 16-year-ɔld son, to leave the USSR for a year ɔf study in England. Whether he will ɔe allowed to return is another ques-ion. □

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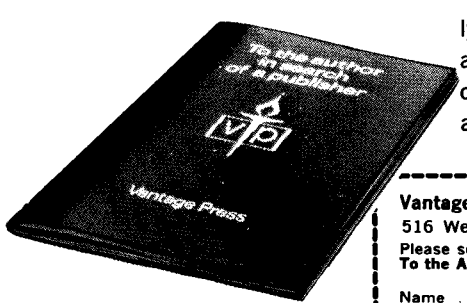

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

New York's Trendiest

New York, Jan. 22—The word in New York is that Nelson Rockefeller intends to run for President in 1976, and that John Lindsay intends to run for re-election as mayor in 1973. If it is so, it is a matter of local and national interest what these gentlemen have learned from their experience in office. Concerning the education of the Governor, I pledge something in due course. Concerning the education of the Mayor, it is instructive that on a single day, in New York, two things of symbolic importance happened. One was a wisecrack. Committed by a hyper-liberal political columnist, Mr. Pete Hamill, who is just unpredictable enough to be interesting. He said that the next mayor of New York should "be from one of the boroughs, either a Catholic or a Jew, and not too tall. He should also not have gone to Yale." The significance of that quotation, for the uninstructed, is that here is a liberal saying that anyone who hopes to succeed John Lindsay as mayor of New York must on no account resemble John Lindsay. I.e., the people desire something quite different.

THAT VERY DAY, Mr. Lindsay swore into office a new Commissioner of Parks (and of Recreation and Cultural Affairs, to give the title whole). He succeeded a lovely man, a belletrist of high standards, about whom it is said that it was as unfair to him to give him an administrative job of such brawling exaction, as it would have been to put T. S. Eliot in charge of MGM. But the new man, Richard Clurman, is an extremely interesting designation, not only because he is immensely talented, but because he is much more in the tradition of Robert Moses, who during his long service to New York City and State specialized in doing things, rather than in elaborating civic or municipal ideologies. Mr. Clurman is a renowned doer. He was given by Henry Luce the job of administering the Time-Life News Service, making him for a period of time the man in charge of the largest news-gathering system at the disposal of a single journal. In this job he excelled, showing always the tough curiosity of his boss, though unlike Mr. Luce his off-duty concerns have been cultural rather than philosophical and religious, which is why, a couple of years ago, he was appointed head of New York's City Center of Music and Drama, the "oldest and largest civic performing arts institution in America," as they say.

There are several points of interest in the appointment of Clurman by Lindsay. Clurman is a no-nonsense anti-ideologue. His speech, on taking the oath of office, was of course humane, but it was conspicuously lacking in the sentimental styrofoam that kept John Lindsay afloat for years & years & years. Mr. Clurman said, simply, that the parks—and the playgrounds, and the tennis courts, and the swimming pools, and the bathing beaches, and the ball-fields, and the stadiums, and the recreation halls, and the skating rinks, and the marinas, and the bowling greens, and the cricket fields, and the monuments, and the zoos, and the aquariums, and the botanical gardens, and the bird sanctuaries—which he now controls are going to be run on a very tough basis. He will do everything reasonable to keep them in good order—clean, useful, and beautiful. But in those sections of the city in which the community shows indifference, or hostility, or persistent neglect, he will quite simply say—the hell with it, and let the facilities turn to weed and ashes. Litter, said Clurman, is "our most slovenly and grossest national product." In one passage of his speech he spoke as one might against a local Vietcong: resignedly, but with a precisionist's appreciation of their strength: "I [have found] the department I inherit has not enough men, money, or equipment to win a war against the very population they are trying to serve."

"We will not contribute to the ideology of irrationalism," said Mr. Clurman, in the presence of Mayor Lindsay, "by over and over again rebuilding what is instantly destroyed. If we are forced by destructiveness and total neglect, we will selectively withdraw our maintenance forces when conditions prove the areas have already been abandoned by the people."

Eight years ago such talk would not have gone unchallenged in the earsho of Mayor Lindsay. Urban policy i changing. The anything-goes of th 1960s, with its deep roots in permissiv egalitarianism, is withering, and th politicians are not giving it transfusion from the romantic-revolutionist text books of the last decade. Richard Clur man that day shared the headlines witl Nelson Rockefeller—who was propos ing life sentences for heroin pushers Never mind whether Rockefeller wil prevail over the pushers, or Clurma over the litterers. There is movement i the air, and when mayors of cities lik New York reach in and get people lik Clurman into their tents, the movemen is in an encouraging direction. □

WHAT IS MORALITY?

New York, Jan. 1 —The Swedes ar puzzled that Mr Nixon has suspende the conventional exchange of ambas sadors between the two countries. Al the prime minister of Sweden did wa link the American bombing of Nortl Vietnam with Nazi massacres in Worl War II and describe the bombing as "form of torture" reminiscent of atroci ties committed at Katyn, Lidice, an Treblinka.

One would think that the problem i exclusively Swedish, i.e., that in Mr Olof Palme they have a prime ministe presumably very gifted in other mat ters, who is, however, incapable o orderly thought when it comes to Viet nam. After all, the obsession has bee with him for a very long while. It wa five years ago that he marched side b side with North Vietnamese in the dem onstration against—well, Southern re sistance to North Vietnamese demands is the only historically objective way o putting it.

But it isn't a Scandinavian disease Perhaps Mr. Palme, whose country per mitted Nazi troops to march back an forth between Finland and Norway, i psychologically ill at ease with the his torical fact that Americans fought t save Europe while the Swedes practice nude bathing, or whatever. But that i a narrow observation, because it hardl disposes of Mr. Palme's Americar

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counterparts, who have no inferiority complex about the Second World War.

Consider Mr. Wilfrid Sheed, a learned and morally acute, if not acutely moral, novelist and critic, a man of exquisite gift for distinction. He wrote last Sunday: "To some of us, this war is the greatest sin we ever expect to find ourselves involved in, and our private spiritual lives are comparatively trivial next to the task of stopping it." I would not have believed such a sentence could have been uttered at the LBJ Unbirthday party in Chicago in 1968 by Paul Krassner. But there it is. I had not known what escalation meant until discovering from Mr. Sheed that there are forces in the world, let alone forces Mr. Nixon has been loosing, which are capable of reducing private spiritual life to triviality.

WHAT do these people see and read and whom do they mix with? Miss Pauline Kael the movie critic may have given us the clue to the polarization about which we have heard so much. At a meeting of the Modern Language Association during Christmas Miss Kael offered this introspection: "I live in a rather special world. I know only one person who voted for Nixon. Where they [i.e. the Nixon supporters] are I don't know. They're outside my ken. But sometimes when I'm in the theater I can feel them."

Such a presence as Miss Kael occasionally feels, sitting anonymously in a theater with her, wrote a letter last week to the *New York Times*. It says, really, all there is to say.

"I do not want to argue about the political wisdom of our active participation in the tragic Indochina conflict, about the correctness of the domino theory, or the skill of our military operations. But one major issue is simply begging for scrutiny and clarification. It is the moral aspect of this particular war.

"Let us suppose for a moment that East Germany has invaded the Federal Republic, with a formidable array of the most modern Soviet arms, under the guise of helping local Communists and with the avowed aim of overthrowing the existing regime. Villages would be burned, provincial capitals reduced to shambles by devastating artillery fire, servants of the government summarily executed, and relatives of West German soldiers killed.

"Moreover, parts of Switzerland and Denmark would be occupied to better infiltrate the war zone. On top of it all, they would pretend that there are no East German troops in the West.

"Armed support of West Germany in such circumstances could be found too risky and strategically unadvisable, as during the Hungarian and Czechoslovak tragedies of the last decade. But—except for the Communists—scarcely one voice would be raised to condemn our possible intervention as immoral, all loss of life and prisoners of war notwithstanding.

"Comparisons are never perfect. U.S. stakes in Europe are much higher than in Southeast Asia, and so are the risks. Yet, the fundamental issue is the same: Shall we or shall we not come to the help of friendly nations invaded by totalitarian neighbors? And if we do, can our action be called immoral?

"All wars are brutal and inhuman. But 130,000 people would not have died during a single raid in Dresden if Hitler had not invaded and devastated half-a-dozen European countries, killing millions in the process. Not a single bomb would have been dropped on Hanoi if they had not invaded and devastated South Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia." □

THE REMOTE MR. NIXON

New York, Jan. 16—On the whole, it is sensible to take the side of Congress against the Executive, up until you come close to spilling over into the kind of chaos mercifully ended by Charles de Gaulle when he filled up the great cavities of the Fourth Republic. We are not near to that kind of anarchy in the United States, and it is therefore the operative presumption that the White House has entirely too much power.

That said, one makes the distinctions. The Congress of the United States has luxuriated in hypocrisy for a very long time. On the one hand it resents characteristic executive usurpation, on the other hand it a) does nothing about it; and b) is always there strengthening the hand of the Executive. The typical bill passed nowadays by Congress gives the President the power to invoke or not to invoke this or that measure; gives him the responsibility for naming the members of this or the other board; passes Sense-of-the-Congress resolutions while ignoring the simpler remedy of decreeing how things shall be. And of course in matters economic, it is particularly fond of passing lazy inflationary bills and expecting the President to veto them; or, if he fails to do so, contriving somehow to blame the President for the inflation that ensues.

The focus of congressional resentment, at this writing, is the recent bombing of North Vietnam, and the refusal of Mr. Rogers and Mr. Kissinger to appear before a Senate committee to "explain" the President's decision. All kinds of things are being deduced from the President's recent reclusiveness, but a few critical observations are usually left unmade, to wit:

1. A President who plays with the press, as kittenishly as FDR or JFK, is potentially more dangerous than the President who is aloof from the press. Better that the press should be presumptively skeptical of presidential operations, than that it should treat the President unctuously, in reaction to his charm or openhandedness.

2. What is it expected that Mr. Nixon could have said to the press to explain his decision to proceed with the bombing?

"Mr. President, do you really believe that the carpet bombing of North Vietnam is going to bring Hanoi to the negotiating table with further concessions?"

How would Mr. Nixon have answered that question responsibly?

If he had said that he did believe the bombing would work, he'd have strengthened North Vietnamese resolution to resist the pressure of the bombing.

If he had said that he did not believe the bombing would work, he'd have raised the question why he had resorted to it.

If he had said that he did not know whether the bombing would work, he'd have said in effect that he was indulging a petulance. Since presidential petulance has the firepower of a dozen Hiroshima bombs, it isn't prudent to expect that the public will favor its indulgence.

3. But if he had looked calmly at his tormentors and said: *Nemo me impune lacessit*, and walked back into the Oval Room, why he'd have been arrested moments later as the murderer in cold blood of Tom Wicker and Anthony Lewis. There are things you simply don't say: even though you give them expression. NO MAN WHO TRIFLES WITH ME DOES SO WITH IMPUNITY. That is the national motto of Scotland, and it is a maxim appropriate not to Dr. Strangelove, but to Aristides. It is a personalization of the rules of good international behavior which support the peace. But it is uncouth to invoke such truisms, in mid-discipline: And the wise ruler will avoid the temptation to sin, even rhetorically.

It is altogether obvious what Richard Nixon is up to. Those who disagree with his decision are perfectly free to do so. Why should he give them a more elaborated scaffold on which to hang him? He is right, at this moment, to be silent. Who wants a chatty executioner?

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Unscramble BUY ODD LUTE
109 73 82 132 70 145 176 191 1 34

B. Situated outside a jurisdiction's boundaries
119 90 56 105 107 92 129 156 188 200
215 51 63 76 111 134

C. A resident of an Ohio city
185 123 62 81 104 7 30 196 68 115

D. The first priority for the United States
210 14 192 152 216 108 52 60 131 12
222 101 23 202 121

E. A Southern city where many transients have homes
53 114 167 225 197 171

F. Capacity for learning
55 173 83 189 112 65 232 204

G. Sons of brothers or sisters
77 213 94 67 226 100 182

H. Knowledge not shared with strangers
98 4 146 22 118 130 133 153 164 198
33 151 195 201 206 64 86

I. Shuts in, out, or off
10 28 19 38 43 18 89 214

J. A thoroughfare that crosses Broadway (New York City)
110 26 49 106 149 169 181 184 139 194
228 9 17 124 162

K. A needlessly fault-finding person
128 5 137 27 141 166 203 160 174 186

L. What the Pentagon is
154 72 103 183 170 150 190 230 39 69
159 177 218 144

M. A Flemish painter (1577-1640)
180 74 157 8 227 87

N. One-word description of most government spending
220 11 15 163 31 54 79 113 138 155
147 148 71 122 45 59

O. Crowded about and attacked
6 20 37 96 3 42

P. More fatuous
229 168 158 221 199 84 41 50

Q. A shell rowed by eight oarsmen each using a pair of oars
29 211 178 95 35 117 161

R. Resembling a certain bird of prey
48 21 135 58 78 25

S. What two unequal towns are sometimes called
61 57 47 175 207 223 32 80 193 233

T. A lake in Ontario, 330 sq. mi.
88 208 165 125 219 13 142 231 66

U. One who believes in supernatural powers and the possibility of subjecting them to human control
93 224 44 179 102 187 212 127 91

V. This can be red, green, or orange
126 16 116 120 205 217 40 97 136 143
2 24

W. A person named in a will to carry out its provisions
140 172 209 99 36 46 85 75

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 164 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

1 A	2 V	3 O	■	4 H	5 K	6 O	7 C	8 M	9 J	■	10 I	11 N	12 D	■	13 T	14 D	15 N	16 V	17 J
18 I	■	19 I	20 O	21 R	■	22 H	23 D	■	24 V	25 R	26 J	27 K	■	28 I	29 Q	30 C	31 N	32 S	33 H
34 A	■	35 Q	36 W	37 O	38 I	39 L	40 V	■	41 P	42 O	43 I	44 U	45 N	46 W	47 S	48 R	49 J	■	50 P
51 B	52 D	53 E	54 N	■	55 F	56 B	■	57 S	58 R	59 N	60 D	■	61 S	62 C	63 B	64 H	65 F	66 T	67 G
■	68 C	69 L	70 A	■	71 N	72 L	■	73 A	74 M	75 W	■	76 B	77 G	78 R	79 N	80 S	81 C	82 A	83 F
84 P	85 W	86 H	87 M	■	88 T	89 I	90 B	91 U	■	92 B	93 U	■	94 G	95 Q	96 O	97 V	98 H	99 W	■
100G	101D	102U	103L	104C	105B	106J	■	107B	108D	109A	■	110J	111B	112F	113N	114E	115C	116V	117Q
■	118H	119B	120V	121D	122N	123C	124J	■	125T	126V	127U	■	128K	129B	130H	131D	■	132A	133H
134B	135R	■	136V	137K	■	138N	139J	140W	■	141K	142T	143V	144L	145A	146H	147N	■	148N	149J
150L	151H	■	152D	153H	■	154L	155N	156R	■	157M	158P	159L	160K	161Q	162J	■	163N	164H	■
165T	166K	167E	168P	169J	170L	■	171E	172W	173F	174K	175S	176A	177L	178Q	179U	180M	181J	182G	■
183L	184J	■	185C	186K	187U	188B	189F	190L	191A	192D	193S	194J	■	195H	196C	197E	■	198H	199P
■	200B	201H	202D	■	203K	204F	205V	206H	207S	208T	209W	210D	211Q	212U	213G	214I	■	215B	216D
■	217V	218L	219T	220N	221P	222D	223S	224U	225E	226G	227M	228J	■	229P	230L	231T	232F	233S	■

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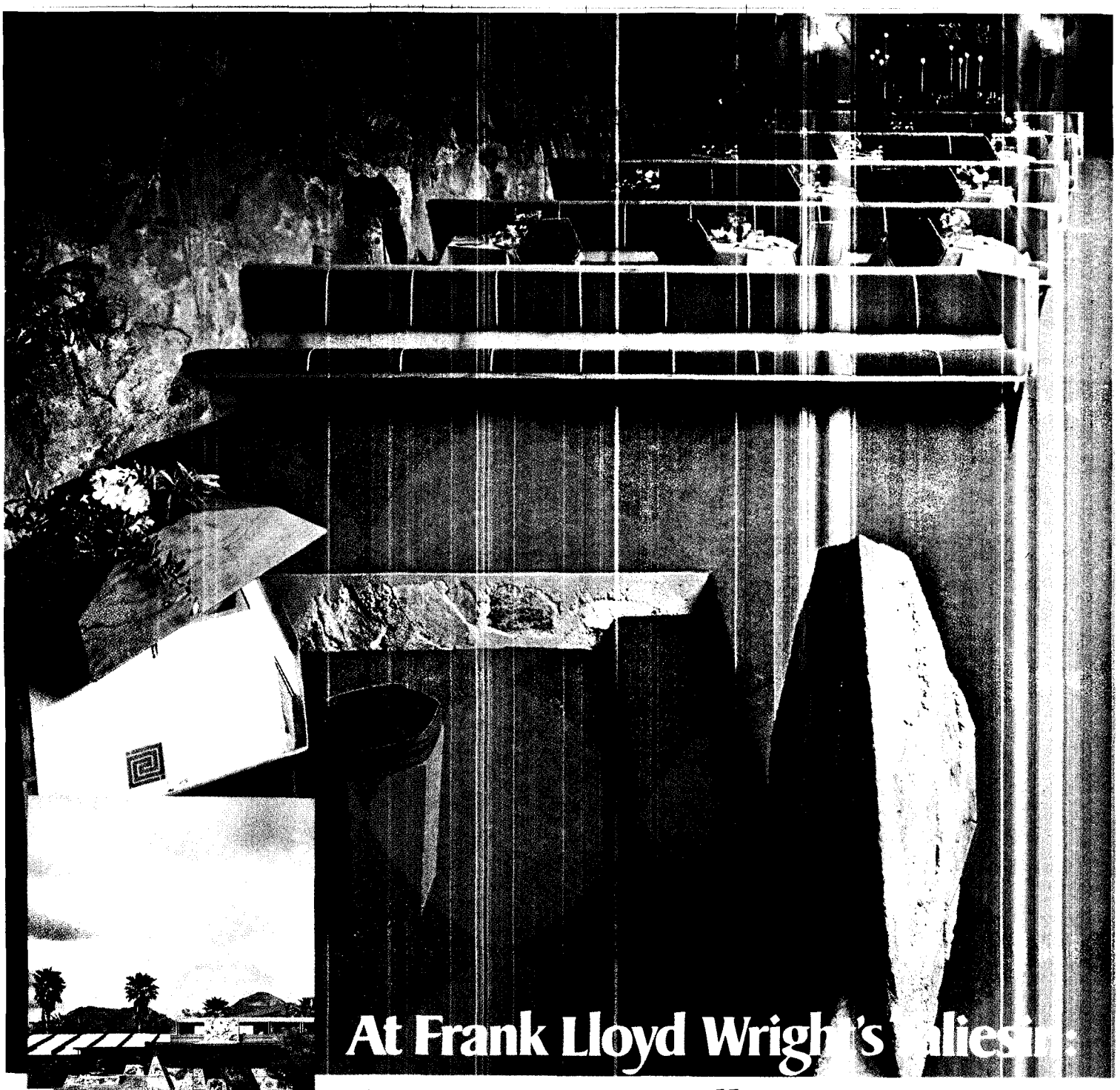

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Longer Wear. Pile is fuse-bonded into vinyl plastisol, providing resilience and wear equal to or better than the finest tufted and woven constructions.

Less Maintenance. Impermeable soil-barrier back traps dirt on surface, contains liquid spills in pile, makes cleaning easier.

Permanent Tuft Lock. Superior to any other cut pile construction.

This carpet is exceptionally anti-static. With dense pile of 70% solution-dyed Acrilan® acrylic fiber and 30% super lightfast nylon, the dramatic red MILSTAR Solar Nova carpet is fade-resistant, thrives in sunlight. Other grades and patterns are available, including stripes and tweeds coordinated with solids. For complete details, call or write, Deering Milliken, Inc., Contract Carpet Manager, LaGrange, Georgia 30240. (404) 883-5511.

PLUS

MILLIKEN
Floor Covering Business. LaGrange, Ga.

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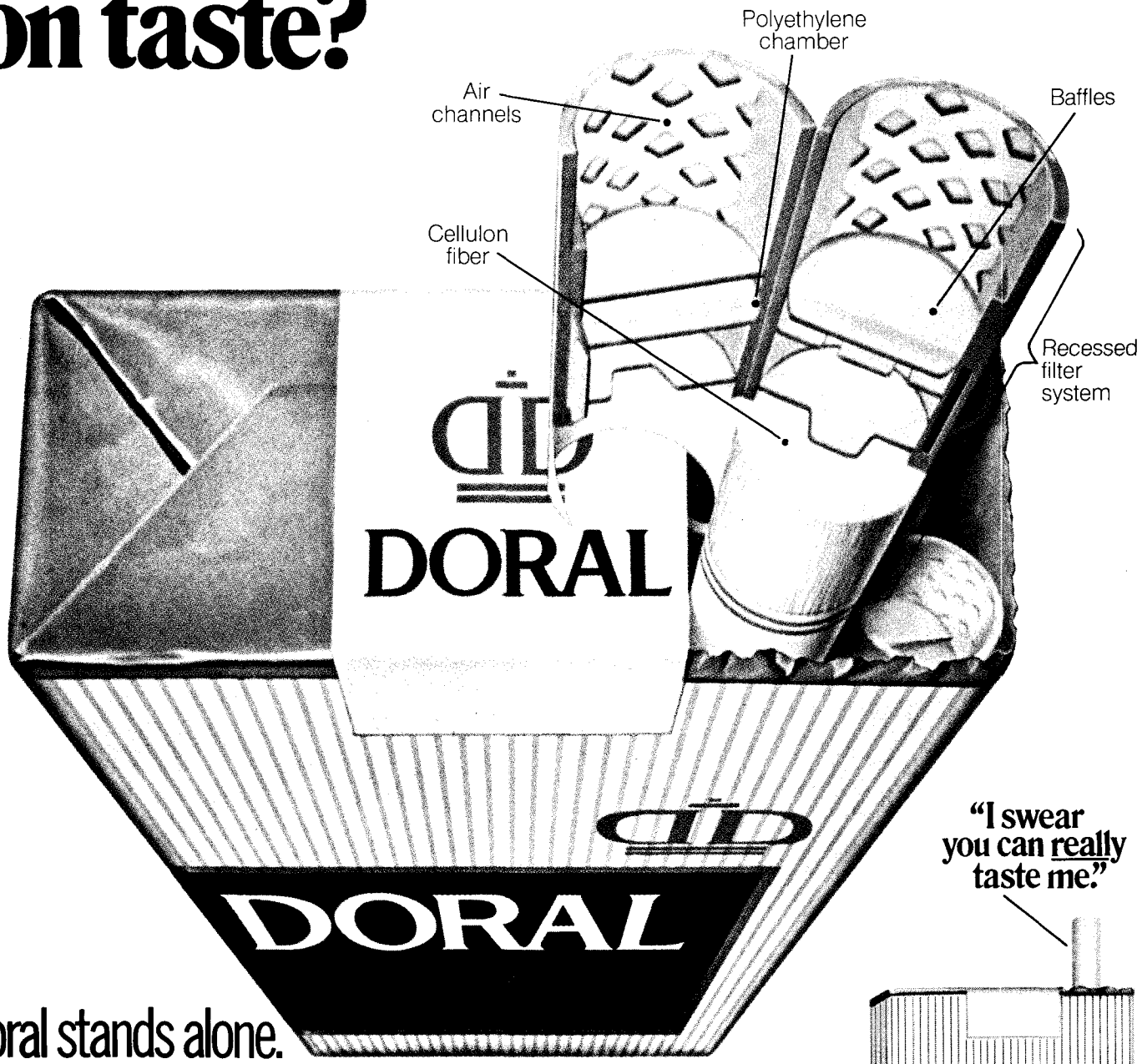
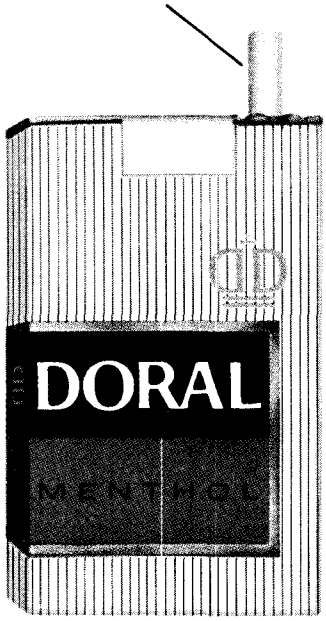
Where does your low "tar" & nicotine cigarette stand on taste?



"I swear you can really taste me."



Doral stands alone.

Only Doral has this unique recessed filter system: Cellulon fiber to reduce "tar" and nicotine plus a strange-looking polyethylene chamber with baffles and air channels. We call it the "taste me" system. Try it and see – no other low "tar" and nicotine cigarette can stand up to the taste of Doral.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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FILTER, MENTHOL: 15 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '72.

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